VOGUE

Oct. 15 60¢



THE COIFFURE: TEST OF CHIC

international report by 6 famous hairdressers

What's marvellous about the new evening looks

What to travel in, where to go

Mrs. Vincent Astor's forthcoming autobiography: excerpts from early chapters



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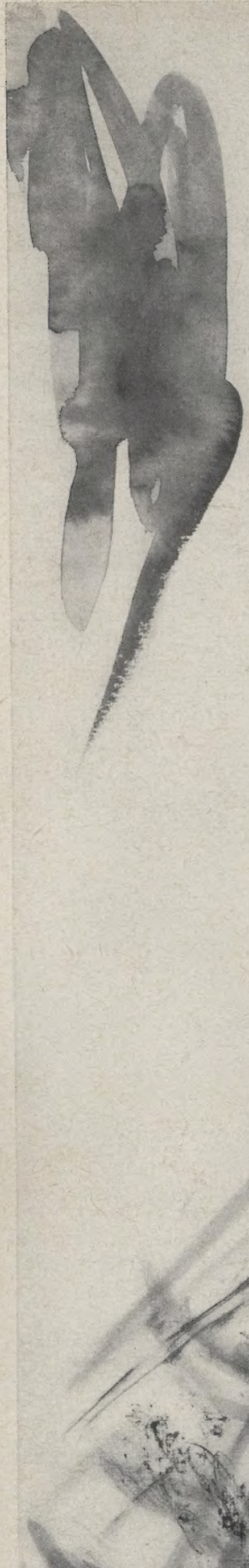
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I.S.V.–PATCÉVITCH, Publisher

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OCTOBER 15, 1962



WILLIAM KLEIN

COVER

The big, beautifully staged crown of hair, smoothed up and feather-bearing, to wear for evening now as a devastating switch from the simpler looks of hair by day. Feathers here: scrolls of pheasant with a satin bow, over a high pile of burnished blond hair, warm amber-toned make-up. Coiffure (buoyed by a "chignon tomate") by the Claude Salon. Headdress by Gustave Tassell. Earrings by Marvella. Both at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Hair colour: Towhead, a Clairol Creme Toner.

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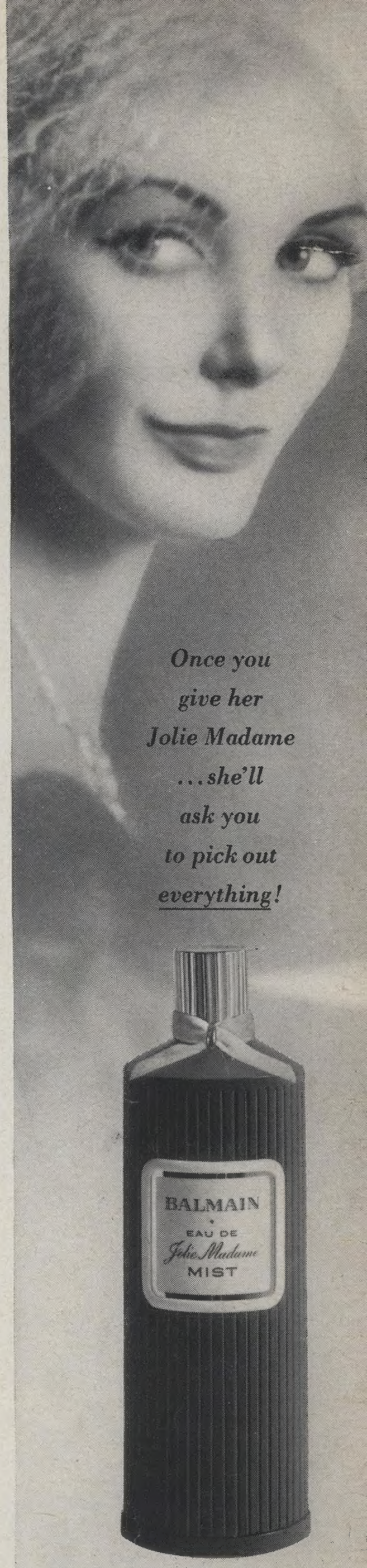
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Photographed in the St. Regis Hotel, N.Y.C.

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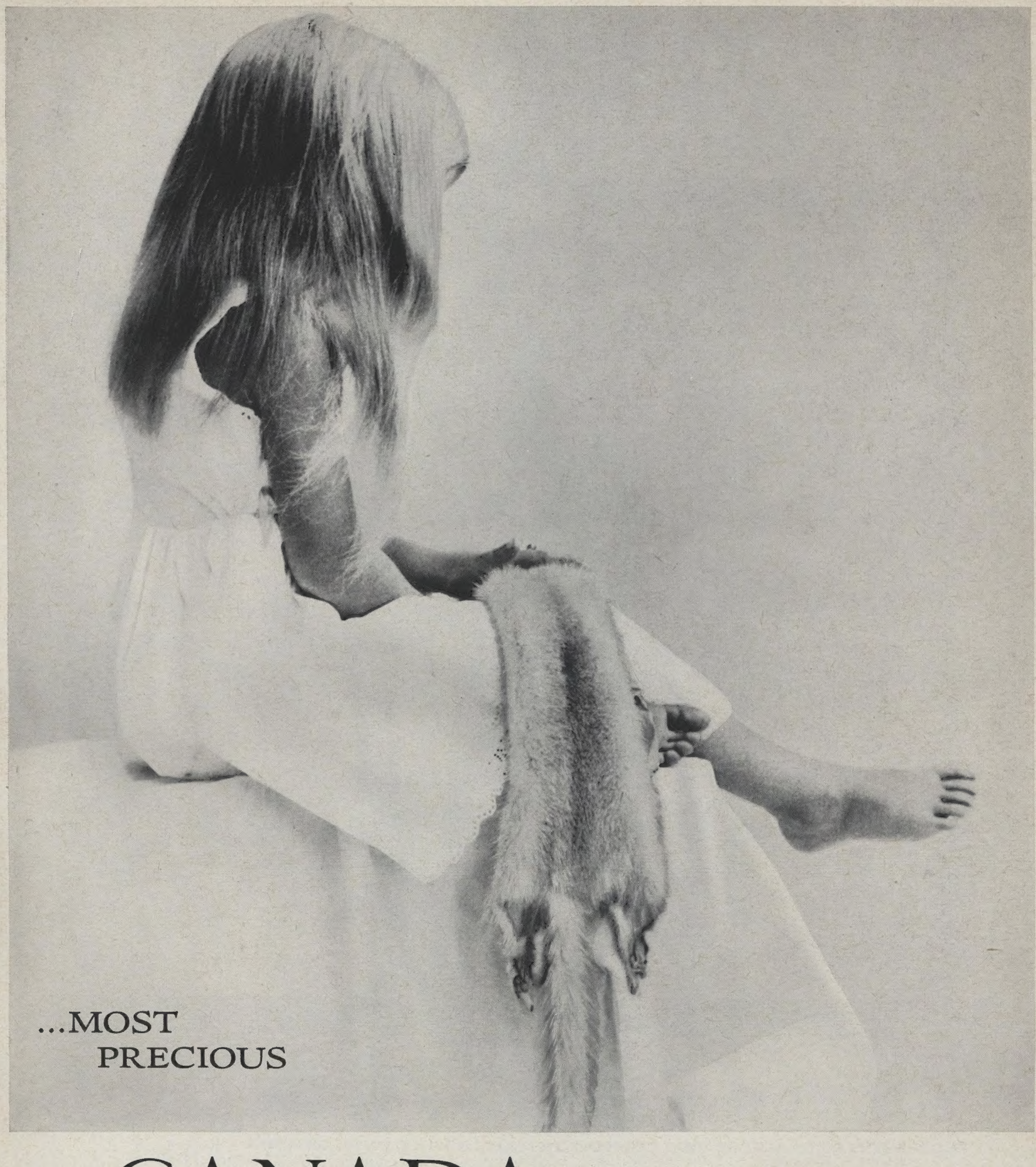


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Extract, Perfume Mist, Eau de Lanvin, Dusting Powder,
Talc, Soap, Bath Oil.

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WITH VOGUE THIS ISSUE

On pages 108 to 111, there appears an excerpt from *Patchwork Child* by **MRS. VINCENT ASTOR,** who, with charm, remembered and wrote about a childhood "so foreign to the life of today that it almost seems . . . that I am stealing pages from a nineteenth-century novelist, or at least an Edwardian memoir."

STANLEY MARCUS, prime mover behind the Far-Eastern Fortnight in Dallas (pages 122 to 125) and the man whom Abe Burrows has called "the Duveen of Texas," is one of a family that has for fifty-some years helped make Dallas the lively, driving, amusing place it is; known collectively as "the Marci," they run their famous store, Neiman-Marcus, with a feeling for service that prompted one Dallas leader to observe: "We find ourselves a little short on some good cause, we just pick up the telephone and call over to Neiman's."

TEN NEW YORK PARTY-GIVERS, all accomplished, contributed their logistics to Vogue's Fashions In Living this issue—covering, on pages 148 to 153, a winter's-worth of parties, from the breakfast that begins a day to the breakfast that ends a dance.

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with a regal hood..
Both custom-made
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the coat, 1900.00, the hood, 195.00

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Little girl blue

Something to blow our horn about. Luxurious new Islon is a new knitted nylon fabric that feels like richest, old-world velvet. Islon is many things, but Odette Barsa's petit déjeuner, boudoir and brunch robe is one of the nicest things Islon is. Ask the nicest store you know or write the Iselin-Jefferson Co. Inc., 111 West 40th Street, N. Y. Islon® fabric is a registered trademark. It's knit of nylon by Chemstrand.®

Odette Barsa & Islon

FASHION...WITH AN UNFORGETTABLE FEELING OF COMFORT



Selby believes in pampering people! So Selby takes the softest, most supple leathers and fashions them over special lasts into very light, very flexible little shoes like these. Puts them on shapely heels that walk confidently close to the ground. Adds a distinctive foam cushioning that supports and eases your every step. How wonderful to be pampered! Top, Toreador; left, Geneva; right, Reno. Only $14.95 each. Slightly higher in the West.

Selby FIFTH AVENUES

FOR NAME OF NEAREST RETAILER, WRITE DEPT. V-102, SELBY DIVISION OF THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, CINCINNATI 7, OHIO

Jacqueline Cochran introduces the complexion comeback!



New 'Image of Youth' stirs up the youth impulse in your skin!



'Image of Youth' Stimulating Rays Lotion, 4 oz., $5.00
'Image of Youth' Preparation B-1 Lotion for Normal or Oily Skin, or Preparation B-2 Lotion for Dry or Sensitive Skin, 4 oz., $3.50
'Image of Youth' Nutrient Cream with exclusive Generin, 2 oz., $10.00; 4 oz., $16.50
In elegant *bois de rose* with Romanesque white and gold tracery. *Prices plus tax.*

It's the next best thing to youth itself. 'Image of Youth', the extraordinary new discovery by Jacqueline Cochran, does for your complexion what nature used to do. It actually encourages under-skin cells to multiply!

Soft, plump, new-born cells give young skin its special freshness and vitality. And with the help of 'Image of Youth', soft, plump, new-born cells can do the same for your complexion at any age!

There's never been anything like 'Image of Youth'. This revolutionary new youthful skin concept works three ways. First, it gently stimulates, tones, stirs up the youth impulse in your skin. Next, it purifies, firms, refreshes. And finally, thanks to 'Image of Youth' Nutrient Cream with exclusive Generin, it encourages under-skin cells to multiply, to help round out hollows, lines and wrinkles.

This is the real complexion comeback you've been hoping for. Not tomorrow. But surely, steadily, unmistakably, you'll see signs of age give way to fresher, finer, firmer, smoother, younger-looking skin. That's the 'Image of Youth' promise!

'IMAGE OF YOUTH'

JACQUELINE COCHRAN • ORIGINATOR OF FLOWING VELVET AND THE MOISTURE CONCEPT



WHICH GENTLEMAN JUST JOINED THE CADILLAC FAMILY?

Well . . . eavesdropping won't give you the answer. For the new owner, understandably, is full of spirited enthusiasm for his new possession. But so, too, is the veteran owner. And why not? The new 1963 Cadillac has the most advanced engine in fourteen years—smoother, quieter and more efficient than ever. And the ride and handling, the beauty and the luxury are remarkably enhanced in this finest of Cadillac cars. By the way, the happy new member of the Cadillac clan is on the right. Could it be you?

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FISKERY

BY MIGNON McLAUGHLIN

I had just switched off the late movie on television, with no more than the usual guilt feelings for time irrevocably wasted, when the name Fisk came to me. Fisk, and I don't even know anyone named Fisk. Maybe there'd been a Fisk in the movie which had received my numbed attention—the weak younger brother of the heroine, the genially dumb pal of the hero.

No, it was more urgent. Fisk stood for a lot of people I'd known and written about, for some I'd known but not written about, for a few I'd simply made up. At first, the pattern seemed easy. Fisk was my first love who died years ago and wasn't really at all like the sentimental picture I've made of him. Fisk was also an ugly, kind, admiring man I once spent a long evening with. He asked when we'd see each other again, and I replied with cheerful adolescent snottiness that we wouldn't, we'd already talked about every single thing I had any interest in talking about with him, so goodbye; though, of course, the unilateral joy of cruelty was something I couldn't squarely face then or now.

Fisk seemed the embodiment of all those cheated by life or fortune. Fisk was a miserable, weaselly boy of seven, his father big and fat and his stepmother big and fat and forever cooing to a brand-new big fat baby. Fisk, a nowhere horror, roamed the neighbourhood cadging money from purses and penny jars, hated and hating, unsalvageable at seven. This was also Fisk: the girl whose pretty teeth showed when she smiled, but so did her rubber-glove gums. And the woman who believed in self-discipline and in never touching capital, who served sherry to guests and eggplant steak on Lenox china, and who'd grown bitter toward her charming husband, who was always twinkling at waitresses. He was Fisk, too, of course.

But memory made me more uncertain. Fisk! It rang like a tapped bell in an empty hotel lobby; almost anyone might come running. Fisk was a man-and-wife-and-two-children; you saw them, affectionate, eager to please, but stepping all over each other's modest illusions. Fisk was a woman with a nice husband and a nasty school chum, and the chum ran off with the husband. Fisk was all the quasi-Maugham endings in slick magazines (". . . and then, she suddenly realized that . . . ," ". . . and all at once it came to him that. . .").

Fisk was a jolly coloured woman with six fingers on her right hand who worked for us for a pleasant year. When we came home after a summer vacation, this particular Fisk was no more: she had drowned herself in the East River. Other Fisks I've known used sleeping pills. One tried iodine, another a razor, but both failed. Several, I'm sure, thought of the insurance, and managed to die in auto accidents or while swimming.

There began to seem more Fisks than categories. In a clubby group given to many affairs, Fisk was that oddball, the faithful husband. Fisk was gentle and kind among a hissing of shrews. Was? Is. Fisk is everywhere, drinking and smiling a lot, but not with his eyes. He gazes into the bottom of the glass in late-at-night bars and asks himself Miltonically:

Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite
despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself
am hell;
And in the lowest deep, a lower
deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me,
opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer
seems a heaven.

Fisk is more Kismet than karma, more predestination than free will, the sparrow His eye is not quite on. Knock, knock, who's there? Fisk. Fisk who? Just Fisk. Fisk is the joke only when a joke

(Continued on page 42)



Teal Traina's night whites, shown on the following pages, are available at the fine stores listed below. See the new Falcon convertible at your local Ford dealer's.

Albany, N. Y.	Flah's
Alexandria, Va.	Woodward & Lothrop
Atlanta, Ga.	J. P. Allen
Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Bartlesville, Okla.	Montaldo's
Bethesda, Md.	Woodward & Lothrop
Beverly Hills, Calif.	I. Magnin
Birmingham, Ala.	Kessler's
Boston, Mass.	Bonwit Teller
Brentwood, Pa.	Joseph Horne
Carmel, Calif.	I. Magnin
Charlotte, N. C.	Montaldo's
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Bros.
Chevy Chase, Md.	Woodward & Lothrop
Chicago, Ill.	Bramson
Cincinnati, Ohio	Gidding's
Cleveland, Ohio	Bonwit Teller
Columbus, Ohio	Montaldo's
Denver, Colo.	Montaldo's
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Durham. N. C.	Montaldo's
East Orange, N. J.	Doop's
Evanston, Ill.	Bramson
Evergreen Park, Ill.	Bramson
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Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox
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Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
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La Jolla, Calif.	I. Magnin
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Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Young-Quinlan
Mt. Lebanon, Pa.	Joseph Horne
Myrtle Beach, S. C.	John Baldwin
Natrona Hgts., Pa.	Joseph Horne
New Haven, Conn.	Fred Phipps
New Orleans, La.	Godchaux
New York, N. Y.	Bonwit Teller
Norfolk, Va.	Nicholson & Marks
Oakland, Calif.	I. Magnin
Oak Park, Ill.	Bramson
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Balliet's
Palo Alto, Calif.	I. Magnin
Park Forest, Ill.	Bramson
Pasadena, Calif.	I. Magnin
Phoenix. Ariz.	Goldwaters
Philadelphia, Pa.	Bonwit Teller
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne
Portland, Ore.	I. Magnin
Richmond, Va.	Montaldo's
Sacramento, Calif.	I. Magnin
Salt Lake City, Utah	Auerbach's
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Winston-Salem, N. C.	Montaldo's
Wynnewood, Pa.	Bonwit Teller

Fashion FORDS for '63



As certainly as autumn follows summer—
each season brings its fashion greats.
This season's are the dashing
departures—cars and clothes that
are uncliché . . . unexpected
. . . or do the expected
in unexpected ways.
Beautiful examples:
from Ford—the fabulous
Falcon, just introduced in
convertible form. And night whites
by Teal Traina, a dashing departure from
late-day blacks. (What makes *them* dashing,
besides being white: magnificent understatement
fabrics—covered-up looks—surprise cuts.) See
both Fords and fashions on the following pages.
Both are slated to put new fun in your life.

Because trend-setting Ford appreciates great design in all phases of fashion,
it salutes Teal Traina, and the store greats that carry his fashions.

Dashing departures—great white way to g

Dashing departures — great white way to go



fashion FORDS for '63

Three that take you out of the ordinary—into a world of glamour and fun!
Right, the dashing new *Falcon Futura Convertible*—a streak of genius captured in steel!
Besides possessing outrageous chic—it parks on a postage stamp, is lively as a
French poodle, has all the care-saving talents for which Ford is noted. With the Falcon—
dashing night whites by *Teal Traina:* Left, silk crepe suit with easy chic—
its swagger jacket covering a simple unsleeved sheath. Right, throw-away elegance—
rich brocatelle with trench coat cut. All lush and lovely fabrics by *Onondaga.*

Teal Traina's night whites at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin; Montaldo's;
The J. L. Hudson Company; Bramson's; Harzfeld's; Stix, Baer & Fuller;
J. P. Allen; Sakowitz; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Horne.

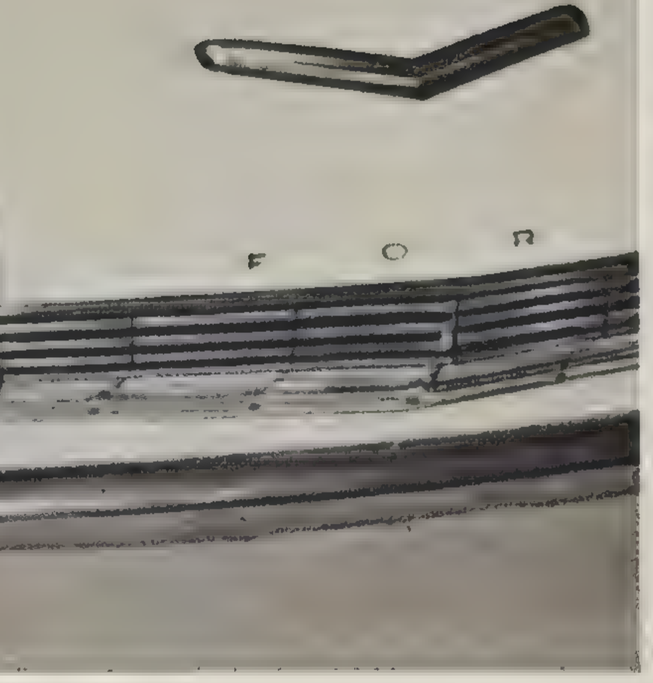
A PRODUCT OF
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MOTOR COMPANY

Dashing departures — great white way to go

On view here—the new *Falcon's* sleek, swift lines, its beautiful proportions. Not visible, but beautiful, too—its snug-fitting top that instantly ups at the touch of a switch. With the Falcon, *Teal Traina's* covered-up dress —all cut, line and a great fabric, *Jasco's* weave-knit wool jersey. At right, luxe interior of the *Falcon Futura Sports Convertible.* Note its dashing bucket seats, its richly padded instrument panel—its console for your doodads. The fashion here, *Teal Traina's* dashing cape—dramatic coverage for its own divinely cut sheath, both of *Onondaga's* worsted and silk.

Teal Traina's night whites at I. Magnin; Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; The J. L. Hudson Company; Bramson's; Harzfeld's; Goldwater's; Burdine's; Stewart's; Godchaux; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Frost Bros.; Woodward & Lothrop, and other fine stores, page 20.

A PRODUCT OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY





Among her valuables, she counts Bernhard Altmann sweaters. Their heritage is easy elegance and dedication to detail. And whether the look is haute couture, classic or avant-garde, the tradition is always Bernhard Altmann. Here, our pure cashmere in a new window-pane plaid, about $30. Also in white with apricot and willow; or platinum with nile and apricot. Worsted matchbox skirt in coordinated colors, about $18. Bernhard Altmann, 100 W. 40th Street, New York City.

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Bernhard Altmann

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES



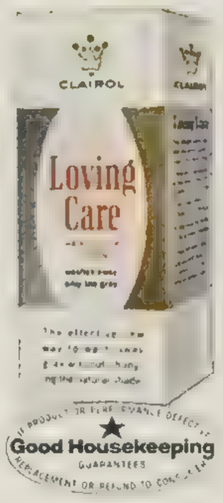
without changing your natural hair color!

Gray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that gray, wash it away with Loving Care Hair Color Lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does new Loving Care wash in young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. No big decisions about shades. Loving Care comes in ten colors—from deepest black-brown to pale shining blonde. Just choose the tone most like your own. About once a month, to keep gray away, just wash your hair with Loving Care. Loving Care won't rub off, won't brush off. Leaves your hair vital, shiny, in better condition than ever. Not a tint...better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

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Makes your husband feel younger, too . . . just to look at you!



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Photograph KELLMAN

Rosanna

This fashionable designer introduces a group of "Ban-Lon" sweaters styled of uniquely crimped "Textralized" yarn, handsomely highlighted with gold metallic thread. For the perfectionist, these sweaters proudly display a gold award of distinction, earned through Rosanna's outstanding excellence in design and workmanship.

Scoop-necked pullover, cap-sleeved; about $13.* Collarless cardigan, self-covered buttons, three-quarter sleeved; about $18.* Both: champagne/gold as shown, 34-40; 70% DuPont nylon and 30% metallic thread. Available at **B. Altman & Co.,** New York and branches; **Joseph Magnin Co.,** San Francisco and branches; **Gano Downs Co.,** Denver; **Bramson's,** Chicago; **B. Siegel Co.,** Detroit; **Jackson-Graves,** Minneapolis; or write Rosanna Knitted Sportswear, Inc., 1410 Broadway, New York 18. *slightly higher west of the Rockies

The test is in the touch®

You're in a wonderful world apart in your Ban-Lon® Award Sweater

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a cosmetic sold in gallon jugs?

It surprises everyone but a TEN·O·SIX user

In twenty-seven years (four times the market-life expectancy of most beauty preparations) Ten·O·Six Lotion has become a skin care "staple" in thousands of homes, used by three generations and both sexes. Many customers buy Ten·O·Six by the gallon mainly because that's the most economical way, and they *know* it will ■ cleanse skin immaculately, deeply ■ help clear externally caused blemishes ■ relieve itching ■ soothe with emollients ■ make dry or oily skin normal (the Ten·O·Six formula has same chemical balance — acid/alkaline ratio — as normal skin) ■ promote healthy pore action ■ help heal and relieve minor burns and sunburn, insect bites, weed poisoning, small cuts and abrasions, rashes, dandruff, razor nicks.

Beauty begins with a clean, clear, protected complexion. Bonne Bell's Ten·O·Six Lotion, originally a doctor's prescription, has so proved its therapeutical effectiveness that confident customers buy it by the gallon.



From $30 (gallon) to $1.75 (four ounces) plus tax, at better cosmetic counters. Bonne Bell, Inc., Cleveland 7, Ohio.



The Arkin Girls' Hong Kong Holiday





We arrive at the palace-like Peninsula Hotel
Left: Andie's the blonde, I'm Lee, the brunette, and we're in love with Hong Kong. Breezes soft, sea warm, city splendid. Service chop-chop (I'm quick at languages) from hotel boy, Yao Shun Pin (say PAN), who IS Hong Kong. (Inside wig box: my can't-live-without wig by Joseph Fleischer) Everything running smoothly, in fact, starting with the BOAC flight that brought us from New York. Andie's suit is pale citron silk-and-cotton tweed. About $60. Mine is white wool, a collarless jacket costume with its own orange silk blouse and lining. Quite smashing. About $110.

First day: We Hong Kong it by land and sea.
Top picture. Cantonese, Pekingese or Szechuanese food is great here. Andie chooses crab as fresh as it comes—straight from the sea at Aberdeen, the fisherman's wharf of Hong Kong. Junks and sampans glide past your table. She's wearing the greatest day-into-dinner dress you can imagine. Red-blue-green silk flowers, about $55.



Middle pix: Andie sails the South China Sea by sampan hired for pennies. Her suit is white silk-and-cotton; orangey silk blouse. About $65. Right: Me, Lee (translated Lotus Flower), in my green-and-white silk surah cardigan costume with a white silk T-shirt. About $90. Underneath my Joseph Fleischer wig I'm noodling odds on this afternoon's races at the Jockey Club.
More Hong Kong Holiday, next page.

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B·O·A·C

Hong Kong's Oriental night—unforgettable. Right, I go to an October Moon Festival party in my Joseph Fleischer wig, a bit of pure flattery that has saved the day, and night, more times than I can count. I'm swirling it up-up-up here. (You can have your custom-fitted, custom-made wig or small hair piece in your own hair color or any color you want. Wigs, $300 and up; hair pieces, $35 and up. Joseph Fleischer, 12 West 27th St., New York 1, N. Y.) Lee's dress: turquoise Italian silk linen string bean. About $70. What is October Moon Festival? On the 9th day of the 9th moon, Chinese exchange gifts, moon cakes, climb Victoria for luck.



The Arkin Girls' Hong Kong Holiday

Up from downtown Hong Kong's Cat Street where the shopping is the yummiest. Jade, jewelry, diamonds from roadside stalls, silks, teak, pick of the world's best.
Left, we're midway up Victoria, the peak with the view of Victoria Harbour that turns strong men to taffy. And to think we could have hopped the Peak Tram to the top.
Just an eight-minute ride. My dress (puff) is beige chiffon wool. Suède belt. About $70. Andie's, a black-and-white wool tweed string bean. About $50. Right, we go to a mahjong parlor which is a cross between a French bistro and an American bingo game. Andie wins in mahjong suit of curved ivory matelassé. About $70. I lose brilliantly in jacket and dress of black and gold lacquery brocade. About $125. Glad my BOAC ticket was such a bargain. I still can afford more Hong Kong Holiday, next page.



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Brunette Lee wears Leonard Arkin's couturier fashions. Blonde Andie wears Andrew Arkin Petites.

You'll find the Arkin Girls' wardrobes at these fine stores which are Arkin headquarters in your city.

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THE CRESCENT.....SPOKANE
LOU JOHNSON TACOMA AND YAKIMA

Or, write The Arkins, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

The Arkin Girls' Hong Kong Holiday



The people never stop, the city never gets dark.
Above it all, above, in my greatest fashion coup: black Italian dupioni with the bathing-suit back. Skirt folds with panels front and back. Lee's dress, about $100. Coiffure coup: my imperturbable, irreplaceable Joseph Fleischer wig. Evening plans: dinner at the lush Marco Polo, Chinese opera. Left, Andie meets, ignores fortune hunter on moonlight sail by luxury junk past glinting Tai Pak floating-island restaurant. Her dress is champagne matelassé shaped like a shell. About $60.

We leave Hong Kong via BOAC JET our flying hotel till the States.
Manners, great service, great fun like the party we just left. I'm wearing a Lee-type costume. White silk with a striped boxtop blouse and matching smoke-ring scarf. About $110. Andie's dress is the perfect little black dress, goes under a coat of gem-colored crewel embroidery. Costume, about $75. Must board our sampan in the sky now, count money, count months till return. P.S. Don't take our word; write for Hong Kong illustrated brochure. Hong Kong Tourist Association: 291 Geary Street, San Francisco 8, California.

The Arkins, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, New York.

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B·O·A·C

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* GLAMORIE—*beautiful people of transcending enchantment.*

RAINBOW TROUT FOR CHRISTMAS IN CHILE

BY TINA BRECKENRIDGE

In a white-water river four hundred and thirty miles south of Santiago de Chile, a fat rainbow trout has a date with us for Christmas this year. He has trailed our fly and an eight-pound leader since April, to remind him. Ichthyologists maintain that trout can dissolve any foreign object that lodges in their mouths. If it's true, our boy has had a busy last few months.

We hadn't planned to fish when we arrived in Santiago after a lazy trip down South America's west coast on a Grace Line passenger-freighter. Nor was our wardrobe suitable for anything more strenuous than a game of shuffleboard. But in one of Santiago's handsome department stores, where Dior dresses and suits and shoes for autumn were shown for the appraising eyes of the Chilean women, we bought a pair of warm slacks. Our purchase took the combined forces of two salesladies and the sportswear buyer. The slacks were well-cut, well-made, and inexpensive. Right here, we'd like to say that the Chileans make slacks a joy. They make any costume a joy. (With their magnificent carriage, pretty legs, and suave hips they are, to our taste, the most beautiful women in the world.)

LAN-Chile flew us in to Pucón, directly south of Santiago, in a sturdy DC-3, which took the cow-pasture airstrip easily. The son of our host at Hotel Antumalal met us and drove us first through the sombre little village of Pucón, held in a cup between volcanic mountains, green hills, and meadowland. Teams of oxen hitched to primitive carts pulled to one side as we passed on the washboard road. Horsemen, with long, saturnine, Spanish-Indian faces, and wearing flat black felt sombreros and ponchos which we later found to be as heavy as old-time seal coats, raised their hands in stately greeting. The village houses were of uniformly weathered grey shingles or clapboard.

Then we drove up a hill and into Antumalal. Set in several acres of superbly landscaped grounds, the hotel is cantilevered high over Lake Villarrica, has nine twin-bedded rooms, plus two separate cottages each with two bedrooms and sitting room. Here you get the service of a superb Ritz, the charm of a small, personally run old-world inn, and scenery that equals the Himalayas.

"NEVER SUCH FISHING AGAIN"

And there is fishing. The peak of the season is December and January. At that time, the days you don't fish, you can swim, water-ski, or sail on Lake Villarrica. Our April visit to Hotel Antumalal was devoted to fishing not only because of the weather, but because we figured we would never find such fishing again as we found at Lake Villarrica, and its two contributory rivers, the Liucura and Trancura.

We were met at eight o'clock the first morning by our guides—Zapato and El Mano. We shook hands. Everybody shakes hands in Chile. We piled into the cabin of a Ford lorry truck. In the lorry part, two small boats had been loaded. After our guides slung on heavy black mohair ponchos to protect them from the 65° temperature of the open lorry, we bounced off down the road. Not for long, though. After a mile we turned off into a pasture onto what was probably an old logging road. Mile after mile, with the road getting more axle-breaking every foot. At the second bridge, we scrambled down a fifteen-foot mud slope to the river.

Fishing in this district is done one fisherman to a boat, with the boatman sitting behind you as you face the stern. With a shove, Zapato pushed off and we were river-borne. Zapato, using oars that looked as though they were hewn by hand—and probably were—kept the boat drifting slowly, stern first, with the current. Where the current quickened, he would row furiously so that the spinner we were using would maintain proper action.

"NAVIGATING THE RAPIDS"

For the first mile of the river, we met no rapids. Then, around a bend, appeared a boil of

(Continued on page 48)



85% wool, 15% fur fiber

Beautiful fashions in Forstmann® woolens at fine stores from coast to coast. This suit at Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.

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Smart, smooth, spirited... Gilbey's Vodka

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Gilbey's Vodka dramatizes flavor, not with taste of its own, but with smart, smooth, undetectable spirit. This real difference is why the people who discovered vodka are now asking for Gilbey's more and more. Sensibly priced, too.

***BLOODY MARY**—Shake together 1½ ozs. Gilbey's Vodka and 3 ozs. well-chilled tomato juice. Add dashes of lemon juice, Tabasco, Worcestershire, salt or pepper if desired.*

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CORO

For you...a fabulous new lipstick collection inspired

COTY COUTURE



Sequined evening gown by Norman Norell, who chose:
Pure Honeysuckle and Pure Raspberry



Wool ribbed ballet coat by Pauline Trigere, who chose:
Pure Strawberry and Pure Tangerine

by America's award-winning designers!



'Winnie'—famous Coty Fashion Critics' Award

Pure Bright colors by Coty to accent fall's most important new fashions!

But these fashion colors are only *half* the beauty of this lipstick.

It's Coty '24'...the unique lasting lipstick that keeps 'alive' color glowing on your lips—even after you've cleansed your face and lips at night. No more pale, faded lips in the morning!

You even apply Coty '24' differently...glide it on more gently, sparingly. And no need to blot and blur the lovely line...because Coty '24' is the one lipstick that not only sets fashion...it 'sets' itself! The luscious color lasts.



Even modern printing methods cannot reproduce consistently and exactly the brilliance of the Coty '24' lipsticks shown.

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COLORS



Crepe at-home evening gown by James Galanos, who chose: **Pure Plum and Pure Lilac**



Double breasted wool coat, sable collar and cuff detail by Ben Zuckerman, who chose: **Pure Cranberry and Pure Peach**

FISKERY

Continued from page 20

is not expected. Having happened, though, it immediately becomes obvious and stale: a deaf dancing master, a cowboy always bitten by his horse, a girl who runs away and gets married at sixteen to escape a mother who ran away and got married at sixteen. . . . Of course, no Fisk ever really escapes, but none is really caught either, at least not by me.

Paradox may not make a Fisk, but it makes him interesting. Fisk is the Swiss window cleaner (most are Ukrainian), the Jewish alcoholic, the Frenchman who loves peanut butter. Fisk is all the people you've worn yourself out doing trivial favours for. And all the people standing ahead of you in a line.

To Fisk: that is, to search for unconcealed weapons. A Fisky enterprise is one both risky and fishy. Fisking is imagining that people are talking about you when they're not, and not noticing when they are. Fiskery is the systematic observation and misunderstanding of others, thanks to a wit too easily satisfied and charity measured out like cloth. The Fiskal year: a period during which all monies received will be joyless. Words are the last refuge against meaning, fine props for a misanthropomorphic view of life. Yes, but why Fisk?

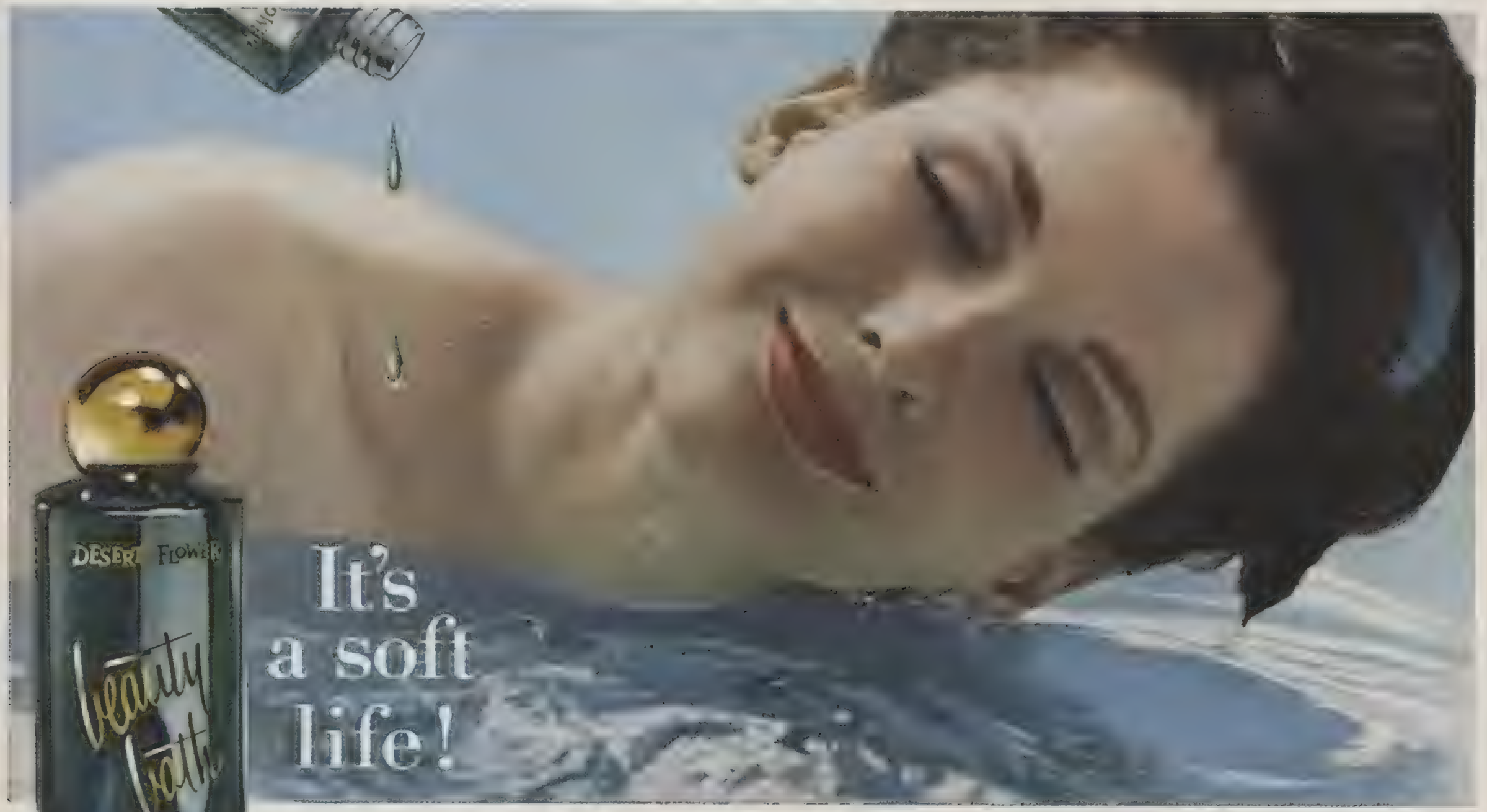
One morning I woke, remembering. It was fifteen years ago in a town in central Massachusetts. A paragraph in a real-estate catalogue had brought us there to see the "charming and historic old Fisk house situated on the Village Green." Astonishingly, though the town had only eight hundred people, these clues were not enough. The local realtor knew of no Fisk house up for sale. When we asked which *was* the Fisk house, he replied that they all were. Every substantial home on the green belonged to some branch or other of a founding family named Fisk; each was called The Fisk House; none was, nor had been, on the market for years.

One property was for sale, not a Fisk house, not historic, not even near the Green. But we were there; we went and looked at it. Spacious and dull, it clung to a hillside. The living room was of double height, with sofas at both ends, and a ping-pong table set up in the centre. The house was being offered furnished (maple, wicker, cretonne, chintz) and it created an odd effect, though I'm not sure I can make clear *how* odd: on the ping-pong table lay two paddles and a ball, not neatly as though in preparation for a new game but in that any-which-way position which might follow an interruption of news so urgent as to require instant action ("Hurry, for God's sake, we may be too late already!"). It was like finding the "Marie Celeste" drifting to its untended tiller in the middle of Massachusetts.

So that's it, a real-life family named Fisk, and another not named Fisk at all; both, elusive. Even joined, they make a mild, bloodless anecdote, lacking any spark of the dramatic or divine. Fisk, then, is just the shadow, the stand-in, for those whose existence, identity, grace, suffering, you inadvertently encounter, aware of it without being hit full on. Fisk is more than the man who goes by you talking fiercely to himself. And less than the one who comes into the drugstore when you're at the counter and proclaims a hold up.

A stab of curiosity, a stir of intuition, that's all it takes to decide you know Fisk. Insightful: that's the fashionable word for such cleverness. Being insightful, you half-glimpse the naked need of others. Being insightful, you explain, understand, and forget it. It really would be too painful any other way.

Well, of course, in extremis, it's even simpler than that. Fisk is everybody but yourself.



...when you bathe away dry skin in the fragrant luxury of Beauty Bath. Just one capful of Desert Flower Beauty Bath in your tub, and dry skin disappears! No more rough elbows, chafed legs and heels—only beautiful, petal-smooth skin from top to toe...soft, soft, soft! 2.50

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Tonight, while you sleep, let Crème Extrordinaire begin to make up for all the nights you closed your eyes to passing time. Crème Extrordinaire by Elizabeth Arden gives back many of the nutriments of youth your skin has lost. This pure rich cream starts undernourished skin on a balanced diet. Smoothing, moisturizing, also neutralizing acid conditions if they exist. And safeguards against wrinkles while dieting. Don't let another night go by. See how the extraordinary nurture of Crème Extrordinaire works its miracle for you. Elizabeth Arden Crème Extrordinaire 4.50, 10.00, 20.00.

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THE MAVERICKS—

YOUNG DESIGNERS WHO SET THEIR OWN PACE OF FASHION

One of the pleasant paradoxes of the American ready-to-wear industry—which is famous for its vastness and for springing mostly from Seventh Avenue—is the existence in it of a new crop of fashion houses which are becoming famous for their smallness, and which are located in whatever part of New York their owners find genial. Run by the designers themselves, these houses are deliberately limited in their output—three collections a year (as opposed to the four or five of the bigger fashion guns), seldom more than twenty-five items per collection. And everybody benefits: the designer, with fewer deadlines to meet, fewer shops to supply, gains time—not only time for creative purposes, but time to give a measure of individual attention that's unheard of in American prêt-à-porter circles. Mrs. X, say, would adore a certain evening dress—if it were silk crêpe rather than wool jersey, if it were day-length rather than long, if instead of a belt it had a soft string tie. Almost always, Mrs. X can count on having things her own way—silk crêpe, day-length, string-tied. On this page, a look at two young designers currently thriving in this delightingly unharried new fashion atmosphere. In the top and centre insets: a tweed suit and a short brocade evening dress from Marianne Spottiswoode, a twenty-nine-year-old Englishwoman who describes her theory about clothes as a belief in "contrast fitting." There are no absolute sheaths at Marianne Spottiswoode—the straightest dress will be found to have at least a jot of blousing, or fullish sleeves. And in her most full-blown looks, there is always the balance of a severely slim line. The long, pleated evening dress at the hem of this page is by George Stavropoulos, a young Greek designer who married an American, closed his immensely successful salon in Athens, and is now having his first crack at an American audience. Though he considers the American figure generally taller and leaner than the Greek, his work here—as there—is stamped by his preference for lines that are soft, fluid, feminine; for pliant fabrics; for heavy, hand-tatted lace—bolts of which are shipped regularly from Greece.



Cape suit in black-and-white wool tweed, with a black leather overblouse, Dynel lining. By, and at Marianne Spottiswoode, 40 West 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



Short brocade evening dress and seven-eighths coat. By Marianne Spottiswoode, of gold-coloured silk. At Henri Bendel. New York restaurant-background: Lutèce

SUSAN GREENBURG WOOD



Long, mushroom-pleated evening dress, of gold lamé and silk brocade. By George Stavropoulos. At Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. This, photographed at Lutèce.



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interpreted in two wonderful walking styles: VERONICA, the tie, and MARCO, the pump. Both set on a low and lovely stacked heel. Both with stitch-silhouetted vamp ending in a smartly squared toe. For where to buy these and other delightful Natural Bridge autumn styles (11.99-15.99, slightly higher in some areas), write Natural Bridge, Lynchburg, Virginia. Crafted by Craddock-Terry.

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. . . AND SUDDENLY YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH A SHOE!

RAINBOW TROUT FOR CHRISTMAS IN CHILE

(Continued from page 36)

white water extending about two hundred and fifty yards. With the resignation born of fishing northern rivers, we fully expected to be told that we were going to portage. Not in this river. Zapato indicated a "reel-in" with his hands, followed by a flow of Spanish that could only mean "hold fast" and we were smack-dab in the centre of the rapids. Sideways, headlong, backwards, glancing off huge rocks—surely the South American tango must have originated here—we navigated the first set of rapids. No water splashed into the boat. Not since our first time on a roller coaster had we had such excitement with the promise that below the rapids were greedy trout.

All day long we repeated the sequence of gently flowing river, rapids and quick water. We saw meadowland, dotted with the neat black-and-white tailoring of Holsteins and the cream-white fuzz of baby goats, change, at a turn, into a slash of black lava stretching down from a snow-capped volcano in the background. The last eruption? About two years ago. But no damage, Zapato told us, except that a ski station was demolished, but no lives lost. Around the next turn, banks were overhung with shining, waxy foliage—sharp against the green, the brilliance of Chile's national flower, the copihue. Its lovely speckle-throat is soft, flame red, and its green seed pods are delicious. Fuchsia bushes drip their gush of colour everywhere. Occasionally we saw the mimosa yellow of the Chilean acacia, heard pine and Chilean oak sough in the breeze. We had blue, blue sky overhead.

Lunch became a ritual with ponchos spread in a shady spot. The guides gathered driftwood, then started their fires a discreet distance away. A huge hamper, prepared by the hotel, yielded hors d'oeuvres, little steaks, the rather lumpy and heavy bread Chileans seem most contented with, salad, cheese, a bottle of excellent Chilean wine, fruit—lovely Chilean pears and honeydew melons—and a sweet cake that's a cross between a filled cookie and shortbread. We ate the fish we had caught, filleted and cooked over the open fire, along with steaks.

Although the travel folders on Chilean Lake fishing always stress thirty-pound trout, the average weight of trout in this district runs around three to four pounds.

"NO HORSING THE FISH IN"

Zapato straightened us out on our fishing technique when the first big one struck. In our enthusiasm at such a vigorous strike, we started horsing the fish in. Zapato yelled in a tone that would stop a train: "*Muy fuerte!*" And *muy fuerte* lost us that one. Losing is learning. Some *wawas* (babies) came along and it was remarkable how quickly we got to scorn these fourteen-inchers although in our usual opening-of-fishing excursions we'd be quite pleased. A seventeen-incher was joined by another of the same length. "*Hermanos*" (brothers), said Zapato. Then a steel-spring beauty of about three-and-one-half pounds, played with the skillful guidance of Zapato, was boated. Zapato reached for my hand for a congratulatory shake. We shook hands several times during the rest of the day.

A fine string of fish bumped along home with us to Antumalal. We had a "*hermano*" apiece for an appetizer, cooked perfectly by the chef at Antumalal. For lunch next day, there was *truite en gelée.*

Meals at Hotel Antumalal, incidentally, are served when you wish them; from breakfast in your room (from 3 A.M. until noon) before a pine log fire and with a view of lake and volcanoes, to dinner any time between eight and midnight. Antumalal's cuisine is Chilean. Chilean beef is not as aged as ours—steaks are a cross between baby beef and veal. But there are chickens, fish, superb soups, and such seasonal delights as an excellent chestnut Mont Blanc. The day you leave Antumalal, your table is lush with a lei of flowers laid serpentine fashion across it. (Wine comes with luncheon and dinner.)

A well-stocked bar provides the usual. Scotch and rye in Chile are expensive but Chilean gin, and brandy, the inevitable Pisco, and excellent Chilean beer have pleasantly low prices.

At certain times of the year, Christmas is one of them, Lake Villarrica is trolled—and that's when the big fellows are pulled in. But at all seasons there are the rivers to fish with wet or dry flies, spinners or flat fish.

Rates at Antumalal are, European plan, about $30 U. S. a day, for two. A guide and the use of the truck for transportation to the launching pad run about $10 per person a trip. The guides will supply tackle, if you request it.



You just can't walk up to a counter and buy them. First a Round-the-Clock salesgirl (trained in the stocking Sorbonne) records a card full of facts about you and your legs. Next, she prescribes the one stocking that fits from ankle to thigh as well as toe to heel. In width as well as in length. Then you can buy them.

AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES



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inseparable...the fragrance and the woman...together they make a mood to remember



Capricci PARFUMS NINA RICCI PARIS



CAPRICCI PERFUME MADE AND SEALED IN FRANCE. $60., $37.50, $12.50. EAU DE TOILETTE, FRAGRANCE SPRAYS, DUSTING POWDER, FROM $16. TO $6.50. PRICES PLUS TAX. PARFUMS NINA RICCI PARIS. IN U. S. A.: 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.



My name is Eve.



How do you like me in my Merriwig?

Look what a Merriwig does for me. It makes me look *more* beautiful. A Merriwig will do the same for you . . . turn you into an instant beauty. Practical? Yes. Convenient? Obviously. How can anything so practical and convenient make you look so outrageously beautiful? Try one on and see the difference in yourself. You can match your own natural color . . . or be a gorgeous blonde . . . a dazzling redhead . . . a sultry brunette . . . at the drop of a Merriwig. Why not be *all* women in *one* woman with a complete wardrobe of Merriwigs? Just try one on. We dare you to walk out without one Merriwig. At least! Made in France of the finest human hair. What price instant beauty? $150 to $175* depending upon color. **Slightly higher in some areas.*

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Michel Kazan selects new Bonat Body and Depth Salon Wave to create this variation on his "petite coif" theme. The internationally famous stylist knows Body and Depth is the only professional wave created to meet the demands of today's hair styles. It gives hair the fullness of body and richness of depth needed to heighten the drama of the new styling trends. With Body and Depth your coiffures will hold and hold regardless of how daring the styling because laboratory tests prove it highest in waving efficiency. To insure perfect results and longer-lasting beauty insist on new Body and Depth Salon Wave by Bonat. Michel Kazan does!





The harbor at Istanbul, Turkey. You can fly there on KLM and visit 28 extra cities for no extra fare.

Fly reliable KLM to Istanbul—KLM jets keep one-fifth of their power in reserve during take-off

(For more news about reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch—read on)

MANY experienced travelers believe that the careful, punctual Dutch have made KLM the most *reliable* of all airlines.

Here are some fascinating facts you should know about KLM's weather radar, ultrasonic washing machines, and a city-hopping plan that takes you to 28 cities for the fare to Istanbul.

1. KLM insists on reserve power. The engines on a KLM jet are so powerful that your captain could fly you all the way to Europe with only two working. During take-off, he always keeps a full 20 percent of their power in reserve.

Every KLM jet also carries *one-third* more fuel than it needs to fly the Atlantic. Just to be sure.

2. Seven navigation systems guide your KLM jet. Your captain also has weather radar that sees 150 miles ahead. This way, he can avoid bumpy weather and still get you to Europe on schedule.

KLM reserves 72,000 square miles of empty sky around your jet when it crosses the Atlantic. It is 600 miles long and 120 miles wide—as big as the state of Florida. And no other plane is allowed to fly within it.

3. KLM technicians pamper jet engines. At Amsterdam Airport alone, KLM has 3 thousand technicians and a $6-million jet workshop.

Maintenance crews take 800 X-ray pictures of every jet's vital areas each year. They launder engine parts in ultrasonic washing machines, and dry them in infrared ovens. Which is quite a job, when you consider that each engine must be stripped down to *2 thousand separate parts*.

4. KLM has been flying longer than any other airline. For 42 years, to be exact. KLM has carried over 12 million passengers a total of 24 billion passenger miles. Many a KLM pilot has logged well over 22,000 flying hours—the equivalent of 3 full years spent in the air.

5. "KLM's meals are legendary," say the editors of Butlers' famous guides.

Every year, KLM stocks its kitchens with 4,400 pounds of beluga caviar, 20,000 French pastries, and a total of 85,000 bottles of champagne, vintage wines, and liqueurs.

6. KLM flies you to 28 extra cities—all for the fare from New York to Istanbul. Stop off as long as you like at 15 countries and 28 cities—including London, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam, Nice, Rome, Copenhagen, and Palma de Majorca.

One small condition: your trip must be completed within one year.

7. KLM offers jet and low-cost propeller flights. Not all airlines give you a choice of planes to Europe. KLM does. The advantage of a propeller flight is that you pay less: propeller flights to almost any European city save you $36, economy fare. *Enough for an extra day in Paris.*

8. "A Bag Full of Miracles" is a new KLM booklet that tells you about KLM tours to Europe, the Mediterranean, and the Caribbean. It also tells you how to earn a *free* tour. Mail the coupon below for your copy.

For information, see your travel agent, call KLM, or mail coupon.

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Please send me KLM's new comprehensive booklet, "A Bag Full of Miracles."

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(Name of your travel agent)

V-1



You'll reach for Crescendoe...for the designer's touch on beautifully classic gloves, for the way they go with the new fall sleeve lengths, for the leather-tailored fit of Wonder-Fabric.

And have you seen Crescendoe's leather gloves by Superb? Magnifique!

Crescendoe gloves

GAVOTE,
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3.50



If you want a coat that's lush and luxurious; that you wear without care; that sits lightly on your shoulders while it turns away winter; that is scornful of moths—you want a Borgana. No other kind of coat satisfies all these needs. **RUSSEL TAYLOR,** famous furrier, compliments the limitless fashion possibilities of Borgana with a lavish mink collar. In six contemporary colors, about $140.00 at the nation's leading stores. **A BORG FABRIC**

BORGANA IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF BORG FABRIC DIVISION, AMPHENOL-BORG ELECTRONICS CORPORATION, DELAVAN, WISCONSIN. BORGANA IS MADE OF 80% ORLON* ACRYLIC, 20% DARVAN† NYTRIL AND IS MANUFACTURED UNDER ONE OR MORE OF THE FOLLOWING U.S. PATENTS: 2,630,619; 2,680,360; 2,705,880; 2,710,525; 2,737,702; 2,815,558; 2,934,809.

*DUPONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK. †CELANESE REGISTERED TRADEMARK

THE NEW AMERICAN BEAUTY: Clear-eyed, defined with muted



New! Complete eye make-up in two slim pencils—Double-Take (left), $2.50; Eye-Duo (right), $2 • Abstract print blouse & companion skirt for The New American Beauty, by B. H. Wragge. Hair styles, Marc Sinclair of Coiffures Americana.

Introducing Double-Take

an exciting new make-up pencil created by Dorothy Gray. Offers the two most wanted eye cosmetics, shadow and mascara, in one convenient pencil. On one end is matte-finish shadow in the new muted tones of blue, green, violet or turquoise (or matching iridescent shades) to shape, define—make eyes clearer, larger-than-life size. On the other, new velvet-smooth mascara (with a real brush!) softly curls as it colors lashes for a wonderful open-eyed look. Double-Take is refillable.

And to compliment and complement this new definition in eyes there's another Dorothy Gray innovation...Eye-Duo—eye liner on one end, eyebrow pencil on the other. Refillable.

DOROTHY GRAY

the cherished care
for complexion and hair.

color & shadow



Just feel the difference in fit!



Only a Perma·lift Bra is truly Self-Fitting—each cup conforms to your exact size, allows for every figure change

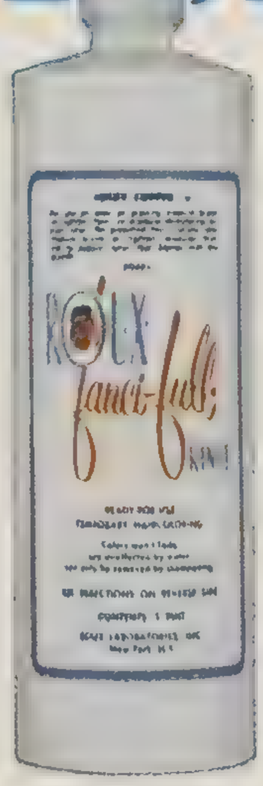
You actually know you're wearing a Perma·lift® Self-Fitting Bra, even blindfolded, by the way it feels on your figure. There isn't another bra that fits each side so perfectly or allows for figure variations between cup sizes! New high fashion bras are so practical in carefree cotton. Right: Longline for happy "D's" $5.95, in A, B, C, cups $5. Left: Pretty style with Lycra-Spandex back, $3.95. Center: Spicy-plunge, $2.50. Select yours today.

Perma·lift BRASSIERES
JUST FEEL THE DIFFERENCE IN FIT

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH

NEW INSTANT MAKE-UP FOR YOUR HAIR

Ready for use in a self-applicator bottle, nothing to add or mix, it requires no timing, no after-rinse; just apply and set the hair! ■ Fabulous "Fanci-full," new temporary hair coloring by Roux, gives far more color than ordinary rinses. It is unaffected by water, yet shampoos out easily. **24 colors:** to blend in gray and match natural color; to make gray hair beautiful with platinum, silver or steel; to give bleached hair gossamer pastel tones. Choose **the one** for you.



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Laguna
CROWN JEWEL LOOK



WELCOME WINTER WARMLY in Weatherbee's beautiful bouclé wool blend tweed with Timotta shawl collar and lining of warm Borg pile. Brown with blond or black with black. Misses' and junior sizes. $65. PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Spanish Royal Couple in New York on their wedding trip



Their Royal Highnesses, Prince Don Juan Carlos of Spain and his pretty wife, Princess Sophia of Greece, visited the United States recently—travelling incognito, much of the time, under the title "Duke and Duchess of Gerona" which is, in actual fact, one of their official titles. In New York, a reception was held for the royal couple at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Goulandris, where the photographs on these pages were taken for entry in Vogue's Notebook.

Princess Sophia sitting with the host's mother, Mrs. Peter Goulandris. Standing *(left)*, Mr. Constantine Stavropoulos of the United Nations, and Mrs. Basil Goulandris in white.





Prince Don Juan Carlos (arm raised) with Mr. Antonio J. Fournier, Consul of Spain in New York.

Miss Maria Cooper, daughter of Mrs. Gary Cooper; *standing*, Mr. Dietrich von Bothmer of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.



Princess Sophia, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, in cloud-blue and white chiffon, with the host, Mr. Basil Goulandris.



Princess Sophia seated here between her cousin, Mrs. Howard Oxenberg, the former Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, and Mr. I. S. V.-Patcévitch.

Mrs. Winston Guest and Mr. André Dubonnet.



ELLIOT ERWITT

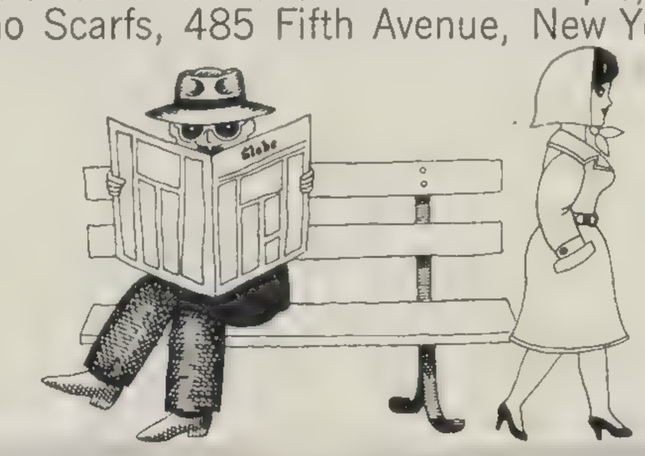


New excitement from Paris — "S" Parfum — an incredibly beautiful bouquet of sun-drenched blossoms with a captivating note of leafy green. "S" is saucy, scintillating, sorcery!

5.00; 8.50; 14.50 and 25.00 plus tax at fine stores everywhere

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The world's most intriguing scarf. People won't be able to keep their eyes off you when you wear Echo's "Web"* of pure silk twill. Brown on beige or black on white, royal, red or toast. 5.00 at Lord & Taylor, Sakowitz Bros., Nan Duskin, Inc., Bullock's-Wilshire and Montaldo's and Doop's, all stores, or write to Echo Scarfs, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, 17. **ECHO**





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Someone else is interested in your husband

And you'll be glad of it! For that someone is your *Sanitone drycleaner* who is anxious to keep every new 'Botany' 500 suit looking its tailored best. The Sanitone service he offers is more than just drycleaning because of his equipment and special skills. It's complete, professional fabric care. Sanitone, you see, includes special fabric finishes for softness and body . . . expert, "sculptured" pressing . . . scientific spot removal . . . gentle handling and attention to little details and minor repairs. Clothes come back each time looking like new again—with the same fine drape, fit and feel. Just what you would want for your *entire* family. Look for the drycleaner in your area who displays the Sanitone emblem. Then call him today.

First IN DRYCLEANING
APPROVED
SANITONE
SERVICE ®

'Botany' 500 recommends Sanitone Drycleaning to keep the original appearance and texture of their suits.

Sanitone . . . complete, professional fabric care

A product of Emery Industries, Inc., Cincinnati 2, Ohio



Someone else is interested in your husband

Don't panic; this is one time you should be pleased. For that someone is Daroff, dedicated tailors of 'Botany' 500 clothing. In their passion for quality, the Daroffs are unique. Their fabled "personal touch" is eternally at work—creating, designing, examining—with absolute perfection as their determined goal. Daroff specialists are just as interested in the appearance, comfort and fit of your husband's clothes as *you* are. So go along when he buys his next 'Botany' 500; when you see the Quality-Value suit price of $69.95 (slightly higher in the West), you'll *wish* they made women's suits too! For booklet "The Personal Touch" and nearest dealer, write H. Daroff, 2300 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania (a division of Botany Industries).

SANITIZED® FOR HYGIENIC FRESHNESS
Fine 'Botany' 500 Clothing deserves
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'BOTANY' 500®
TAILORED BY DAROFF

...with the dedicated Personal Touch

SPECIAL TO READERS OF VOGUE

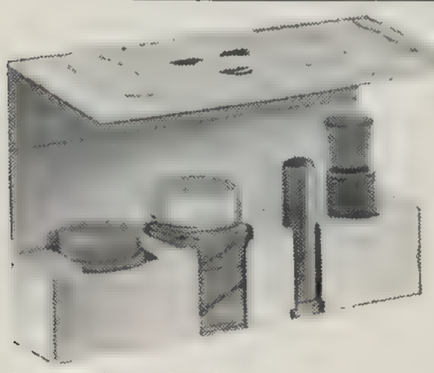


$5 worth of Flowing Velvet Cosmetics for $1

JUNIOR EDITIONS SPECIALLY ASSEMBLED FOR THE OCCASION!

On the occasion of her 25th Anniversary, Jacqueline Cochran invites you to discover her glowing Flowing Velvet Look, and offers you four fabulous Flowing Velvet cosmetics—worth all of five dollars—for just one dollar! There's a generous supply of Flowing Velvet, the famous flowing moisture cream—basis of all beauty—plus Flowing Velvet Make-up, Flowing Velvet Dew-Kissed Lipstick and Flowing Velvet Eye Shadow . . . in this season's dazzling shades.

These junior editions come to you in a handsome lift-up-top "Wings to Beauty" package that can travel when you do! Wonderful gift idea. Marvelous Christmas stocking stuffer, too. But order now. Quantity is limited. Allow 3 weeks for delivery.



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Please send me_____Flowing Velvet Make-up Kits @ $1.00 each (includes Federal Tax and postage). I am enclosing check (or money order).

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Offer limited to continental U.S.A. and Hawaii. Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

KUDOS FOR THE CAMEL

In Vogue for men:

The common denominator is camel. The sports jacket, suit, and topcoat here have a fine but firm hand—the kind of clothes that fill a long-run attachment.
Below: Camel blazer the colour of camels, with all the get-around talents of the blazer that's traditional navy blue. To wear with grey flannel trousers. Three-button, single-breasted.
By Lebow (Warren of Stafford fabric), about $85. Under the blazer: a camel-hair sweater, long-sleeved, V-necked, in the same natural dromedary-beige. By Hockley, about $25. Both at Lord & Taylor. Jacket, also at Rich's; Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres.





Two more here, in the camel family; both by Lebow in Warren of Stafford fabrics.
Right: herringbone suit, darker than dromedary—almost charcoal-brown. Single-breasted, of camel hair, about $135. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Halle Bros.
Left: Balmacaan coat, a Glen plaiding of camel and tan, for country or for casual town wear. Single-breasted, of camel hair. About $135. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres.



Hi Noon:
"We Toastees are utterly unique . . . beautiful and born of soft, warm Solara with the two faces. I feel so good inside . . . so chic outside! Only $3.00— I feel like a million!"

Hi Tea:
"Here's to Solara . . . the only fabric to-the-glove-born! Matte fashion-finish to the world . . . velvety-insides, dry, warm and comfortable without bulk. With my looks, I should really be more than $3.50."

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"Here's to that nip in the air . . . and a whole season of new fashions. From the long view . . . this means a full social calendar. $4.00 buys me . . . and I go everywhere! Olé!"



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NEW DRIFT OF BLACK



SUSAN GREENBURG WOOD

Black dinner dress that explains—at a glance—black's hold on fashion right now; explains, too, why even in other colour-fraught seasons, the woman in black can be the most fascinating one in the room. Black chiffon over black crêpe, floor-length, with a winged float of black chiffon panels; bodice of black Chantilly lace over flesh-coloured taffeta, veiled again in black chiffon. By Mary Black.
At Bergdorf Goodman; Martha Weathered; I. Magnin.
Earrings by Albert Weiss. Customcraft shoes.



more hours of wear! sheer runless beauty!

sheerloc™ the runless seamless stocking by

Hanes

U. S. PATENT 2609677 AND CANADIAN PATENT 488987. OTHER PATENTS PENDING.

Strawberries Romanoff, page 17, "The Gourmet's Guide"

The delightful *difference* is Cointreau!

Take this recipe, for example. It is Strawberries Romanoff, a delightful yet simple dessert. On page 17 of our "Gourmet's Guide" you find that the magic touch is your use of Cointreau Liqueur. Do write us for a free copy and look at the other 48 recipes for main dishes, desserts and drinks. Cordials by Cointreau—all 20 of them, will open up for you a new approach to entertaining. Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof, produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.





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SAIL in the wake of Magellan and Captain Cook. Roam the broad, blue waters of the Pacific and beyond.

Your fare for a trip around the world on P&O-Orient Lines starts at *just $17 a day*. Compare this with what you paid for your last landlocked vacation. The rate for your room was probably $12 to $25 a day. Plus meals, tips, travel, entertainment. Daily tab—from $30 a day *up*.

Plot your course

You can start *from the West Coast* and voyage to Honolulu, the South Pacific or the Orient, South Asia, the Middle East and through the Mediterranean to Europe and England.

You can also *start* your trip *in Europe* and return to the U.S.A. via the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean and the Pacific.

Or you can go round the world in *either* direction on P&O-Orient and see the Panama Canal on your way!

No matter how you sail, you will find adventure wherever you put into port. You can meet fire-walkers, Kandy dancers and bullfighters. Ride an outrigger off Waikiki and a rickshaw through Yokohama. Eat moon cakes in Singapore and Stilton cheese in Britain.

You can hunt for primitive art in the Philippines. Ivory in India. Silks and suits and cameras in Hong Kong. And bring home almost *a quarter ton* of booty without paying extra for overweight.

Service in the grand manner

P&O-Orient's great liners are the largest and fastest ever to sail the Pacific. Your ship is fully air-conditioned. There are at least two swimming pools. Plus *acres* of open deck space for games and moonlit dances.

You enjoy service in the grand manner. Your purser sees to it that everything is shipshape. There is a room steward specially assigned to you who serves you morning tea, or coffee, in bed. The chef spoils you with great food from every part of the world. English nannies mind your children for you every day at sea.

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You can sail sunny seas *any* time of year on P&O-Orient Lines. While the U.S. is shoveling its way out of winter, you can find summer in the South Pacific and arrive in England in spring!

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Plan now to run away to sea on P&O-Orient Lines. Your travel agent has all the details. He's a whiz at getting things organized. See him soon.

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"Rose Ballet" is our newest creation—and such a paradox. Its crisp, rhythmic sweep is clearly modern. But its one perfect rose is sheer, traditional sentiment. Who but International would have dared to fuse these two design concepts — and bring it off triumphantly!

See that certificate in the center of these pages? It's worth $64.50. With it, you get 5 "Rose Ballet" serving pieces (cold meat fork, sugar spoon, 2 tablespoons and butter knife) absolutely *free* when you buy 8 complete place settings. That's 40 pieces, consisting of 16 teaspoons, 8 place forks, 8 place knives and 8 salad forks.

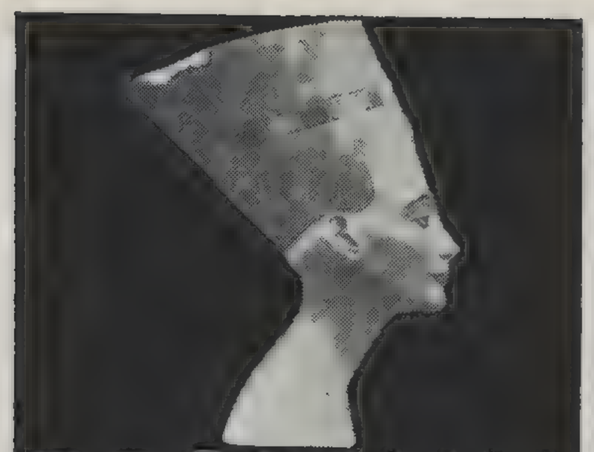
You can buy this 40-piece set, serving 8 people, for just $264.* (You can even work out a budget plan.)

Better tuck the "Rose Ballet" certificate in your wallet and take it to your dealer now. $64.50 is $64.50. *FEDERAL TAX INCL

New "Rose Ballet" Sterling by International

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magic scent alluring and enigmatic. A blend of exotic essences, containing no alcohol, it lingers infinitely, is non-allergenic, soothing to the skin. Other fragrances of the Ancient East: Cleopatra, Aida, Sheherazade and Yasmina, $4.50 purse size, $10.95 ½ oz., $16.95 oz. plus 10% Fed. Tax. Or test all: 5 vials–only $2 ppd.

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This Irish linen handkerchief, size 15" x 15" including French lace 1" wide, speaks of forethought and good taste on the part of the giver. $3.75 ea. ppd. Box of 3, $10.50 ppd. (same name).

Also available for gentlemen: same fine Irish linen, handrolled 20 x 20.

$3.75 ea. ppd. Box of 3, $10.50 ppd. (same name). Gift packed.

Allow 3 weeks for delivery.
No c.o.d.'s please.

Villari Handkerchief Co.

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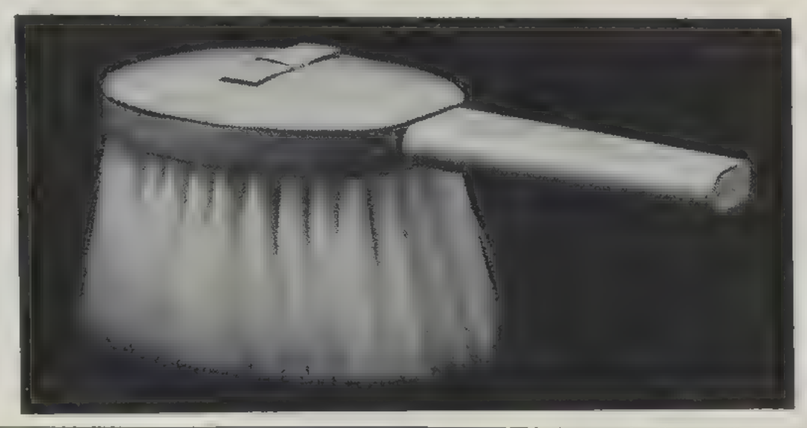
The Cleopatra persuasion—a collar of fake jet and gold-coloured beads. $11 plus tax. Edith Chapman, Route 303, Blauvelt, N. Y.

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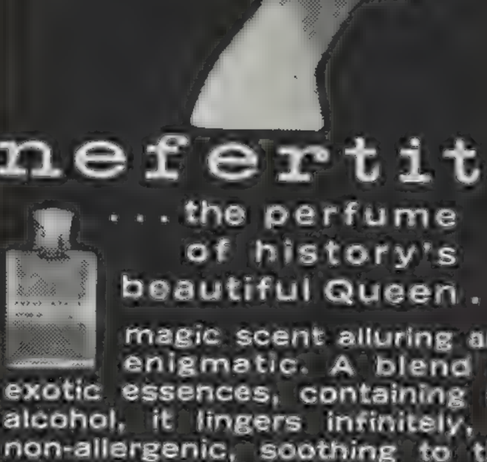


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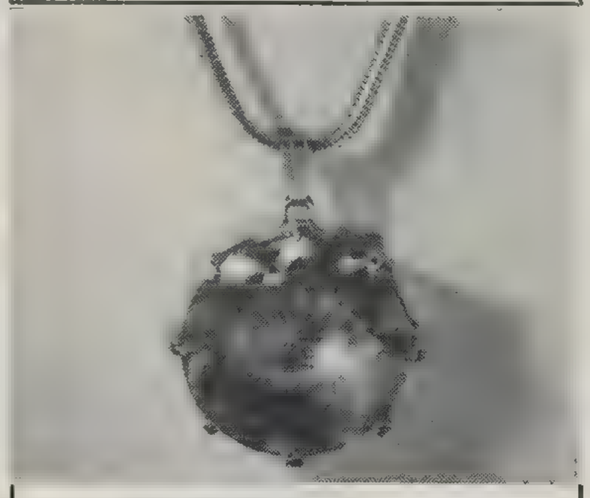
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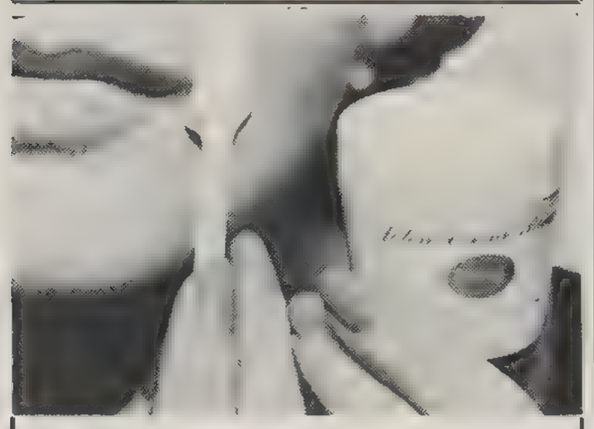
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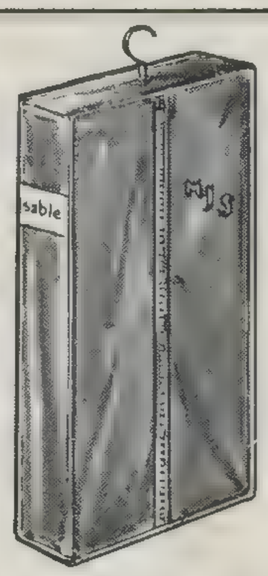
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HOUND

. . . autumn windfall





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. . . clothes news for men

Right: From Italy—a double-breasted sweater with the look of a blazer. It comes in black or navy blue, has brass buttons, side vents. Sizes 36-44. $69.50 ppd. Battaglia Shops, Inc. 473 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.





Left: Bright-red long-sleeved sweater-shirt knitted of Orlon. Sizes S, M, L, XL. $17.50 ppd. A. Sulka, 405 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Right: Black calfskin shoes with elasticized side gores, leather soles, heels, and lining. Made in Italy on American lasts in American sizes 5½-13, A-EEE. $17.95 ppd. Eleganza Imports, 1342 Freight St., Brockton, Mass.



TODD



Left: No-button jacket of charcoal tan wide-wale corduroy. Sizes 36-46, in Short, Regular, Tall. $86 ppd. Alexander Shields, 484 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



Right: Part of the new fur-for-men program: nutria lining to button into an overcoat. Sizes 36-46 in Short, Regular, Long. $121 inc. tax. A. Yasser, 155 West 29th St., N. Y. 1.

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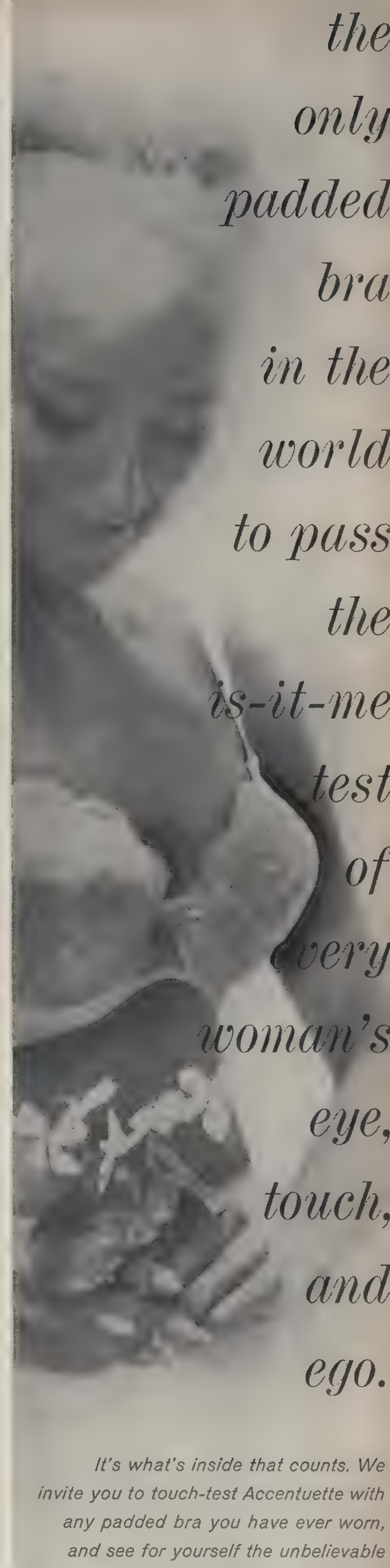
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T
IS FOR SHIRT



The dashing woman's shirt, this year, is likely to be T-shaped. The T-shirt that made the scene all summer appears in a revised version to wear this autumn with lean-lined pants.
The country day look above: orange knitted cotton pullover, lined with cotton fleece, with sleeves that push up and a wide, straight-across neckline. By Ship 'n Shore. About $4. At Woodward & Lothrop; L. S. Ayres. The suède pants and jaguar jacket are by Philip Sills. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus.



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SCANDIA

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

OCTOBER 15, 1962

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:

WHAT'S MARVELLOUS ABOUT THE NEW EVENING LOOKS

Just this: they're *all* evening, without a single every-day bone—unless it's the sort of wonderful antelope figure the new American craze for fitness produces now with refreshing frequency for women of all ages. That stays after six; everything else changes. Coiffures are swirled into romantic chignons magnified by false hair, studded with jewels, ribboned or feathered, ornamental and daring. Clothes are gallant, polished, unsentimentally feminine—as single-minded as Givenchy's black Catalonian dress, right, of heavy satin, slightly fitted, with serious little ruffles at the wrist, at the neck and hem. The point: to have a look that's "other," a reviving feminine notion described by a man we know as "smart, silly, and touching." What we think he meant was: find one.

GIVENCHY DRESS IN AMERICA AT I. MAGNIN



WILLIAM KLEIN



PARIS: CHIPS ON THE RACY BLACKS

WILLIAM KLEIN

The long-term Paris love for black, worldly and undying, rushed to a new zenith this season with black taking over suit lives, day looks, and some of the most exciting dinner and big-evening clothes. Matte black wool appeared with black mink, black gloves, mothballs of white pearls. Cloqué and damask and the waffley silks went black. Ciré and jet became the new emphatics, with no holds barred on black embroidery. Black boots, black leather—especially antelope—went from good to rampant. Balenciaga and Givenchy—whose clothes are the substance of this late bulletin—concentrated on black shapes, subtle and complex with ingenious seams bringing everything closer to the body. And with all the black on black, the flash effects of colour are not to be overlooked—a huge pink ostrich plume springing from ropes of hair massed high on the head; a brilliant bubble of velvet or satin covering a chignon of hair scraped into a crown.

Left: The telling nine-tenths coat—it's that missing one-tenth that makes it fashion. Black wool jersey in-curved and narrowed to antelope elegance. Pin of twisted pearls, rhinestones. By Givenchy. Coat in America at I. Magnin.

Right: Black satin coat stopped one-tenth short of hem-length, buttoned with ribbon crochet. Imperceptible curves made by informed seams; a flicker of lace below the hem. By Givenchy. In America at I. Magnin.



RRT3'

BLACK AT BALENCIAGA

Two new night-shapes with the famous Balenciaga mystique, both of pebbled black. His dancing-school cape, far left, falls from a satin drawstring, is edged at front and hem in black mink. The dress is long, narrow, bound in black mink at top and slit hem. Dress and coat, black nylon cloqué (Petillault fabric). A long fishtail sheath of black silk cloqué, this page, with rounded flounces falling back from the shoulders. The waist curves up at the bosom to a high flat bow. Both costumes in America at I. Magnin.



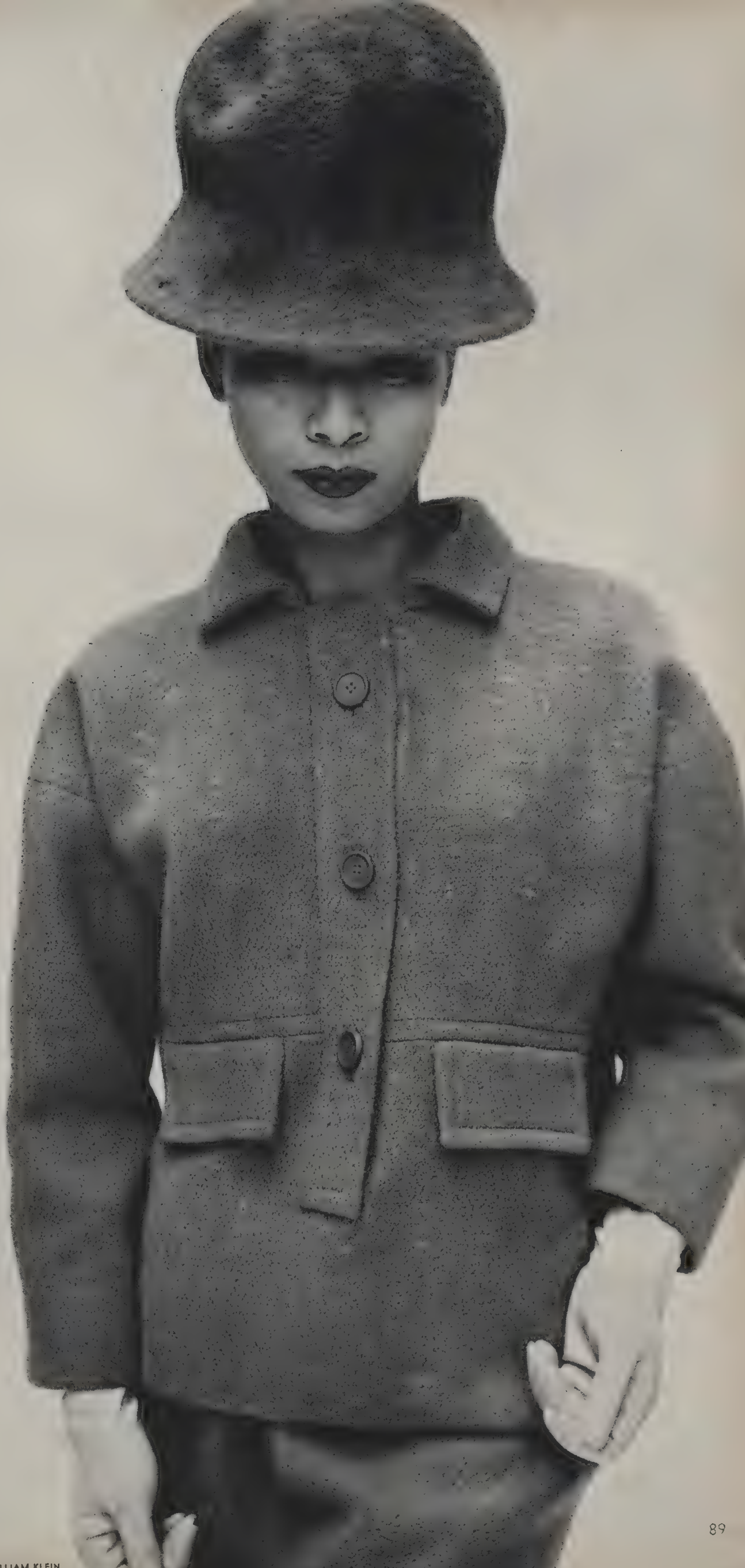


BLACK AT GIVENCHY

At night the sharp little black dress, back excitement.
Far left: Little puffed wings tie at the back of this black cloqué sheath worn with a chignon hat. Dress in America at I. Magnin.
Centre: Black cloqué again—moulded to emphasize a small bosom. Alexandre chignon topped by fat bubble of raspberry satin. Dress in America at I. Magnin.
Left: For big evenings, maximum coverage—black satin chiffon dress sleeved to the wrists to wear with a white satin bolero (no sleeves) blazing with pearls and pale orange crystal. Dress, of Abraham silk, at I. Magnin.



BALENCIAGA BY DAY



day looks at Balenciaga this autumn took a turn for the straight and narrow with a faint touch of Savile Row turnout. *Left:* Oatmeal tweed flecked with moss green, cinnamon, black; a nice degree of skirt width managed by one deeply folded pleat at the front. The Lifeguard boots were made especially for Balenciaga by Mancini. Soft brimmed hat of brown felt fuzzed with sand. The suit in America at I. Magnin. *Right:* The important two-piece dress of sea-green tweed nicked with bright blue. Welt seaming maps a high line on the long straight top easy as a shirt. Vivid blue topi hat. Milk-coloured gloves. Suit in America at I. Magnin.

WILLIAM KLEIN

THE EVENING LOOKS COME ON STRONG

BERT STERN

Great beauties: the great new evening ideas that swept the Collections on both sides of the Atlantic—the look of hair coiffed like the most captivating evening hat, wrapped and glossed, often heightened by a postiche...The swish of really long pendant earrings, ending in a fizz of jet...The tzigane-charm of a crimson evening shawl, knotted and fringed...The flicker of jewels in a coiffure...A necklace pouring glitter...The simplest little dress-shapes made up in fabrics that are anything but. Clear as crystal (which is no small part of the overall lighting plan itself), the message contained here: the moment of the big-everything night look is this moment.

A profusion of rubies, iced

Twenty-strand storm of ice-packed ruby beads, beginning close to the face. Only other jewelling wanted: an unequivocally red lipstick, skin as pearly as you and cosmetics can make it. (DuBarry has the base as well as the violet eye-shadow shimmering softly here, and the lipstick; Raining Rubies is the name.) Necklace of fake stones, by Regency. $150 plus tax. Everything, at Altman's.





Bijou suit, wine and roses
Day-length dress and jacket, left, every line so bone-simple that it might have happened in tweed. It happens this way instead: glittered vin rosé lace, and a muffled gleam of winey satin. By Galanos of Whelan lace, Hurel satin. Make-up that can hold its own in all the dazzle: Elizabeth Arden's Regal Glow foundation, Regal Pink lipstick—the highlights are built in. All: at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Pearls: three superb strands, with a stupendous diamond-capped baroque drop that measures—at a gasp—37mm by 27mm. From Imperial Pearl. The coiffure, by Arnold of Elizabeth Arden.

Long-stemmed roses, minked
In two shades of rose-cut rose velvet, right, one of the great beauties of its time: unsleeved dress, minked jacket—it's as simple as that, dazzle now. By Sarmi. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Orlane's Rose Amour lipstick. The great beauty of a coiffure—high, wingy: by Kenneth Battelle.

BERT STERN

The solid glitter of pink

Most self-sufficient dress in the world: has its own jacket, its own unwavering light supply—pink and white sequins embroidered on silk organza in hundreds of small, perfect triangles. Day-length dress and jacket, made to order, by Sophie, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Meyers Make eight-button white kidskin gloves. Mauve-lit make-up by Estée Lauder. Everything, Saks Fifth Avenue.

BERT STERN



Hair, the brilliant idea

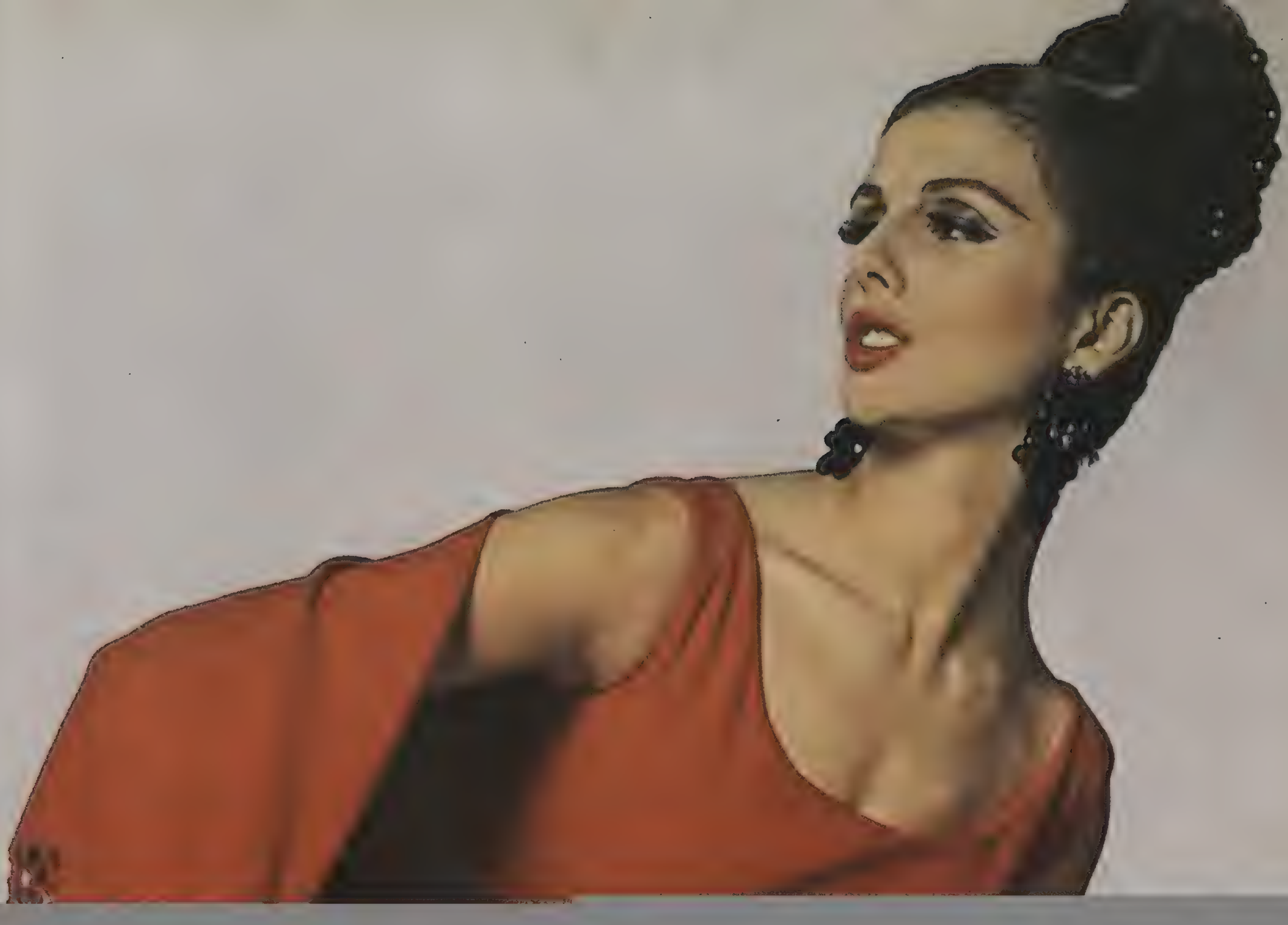
Here's one way it works, this season's decision for the emphatic, importantly coiffed head: gold and diamonds flowering through hair that's high, curved, brilliant with or without diamonds. Reason: Helena Rubinstein's hair-colouring shampoo—short on effort, long on staying power; around in eighteen shades. This, Auburn Tulip Tintillate—Golden Flare is the Rubinstein lipstick. All the carats: from Tiffany.



Brown rising, slash of white
Near right, some of the most eloquent lines recorded in this season of crêpe—heavy brown silk, drawn tight under the bosom, slashed open over a white crêpe panel. For the record: strands of coral—oxblood to rare angelskin—stacked at the neckline; hair sleeked to an all-time high. Dress, by Norman Norell, of Staron silk. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. The coral necklaces, from Tiffany. Another source of coral lighting: Lancôme's new Paquerette 72 lipstick.

Evening narrows, lift of wool.
A long, steady flame of crimson wool, far right—bare, high-waisted, sinuous; its wrap, an enormous wedge of shawl, thick with tzigane fringe. By Adele Simpson, of wool crêpe. Dangly jet-black earrings, by Cadoro. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Harzfeld's. The perfect lipstick-pitch: Firelight Red—this new crimson flash, by Dorothy Gray. Coiffures, both pages: towering news by Kenneth Battelle.

BERT STERN





what's happening
in the
lairs of the

WORLD'S GREAT HAIRDRESSERS

Roman matrons, though famous for their virtue, were not, it seems, above hurling small and not so small objects at their hairdressers when they weren't pleased with their looks. One of them, whose "sponge-curl" coiffure endures in script and sculpture, went so far as to have the lesser assistants stripped to the waist so that even a faulty aim registered fairly telling shots. Though the times permitted wealth and beauty a notable lack of inhibition in such matters, the idea was scarcely popular. Now, however, custom has swung round to a position which makes it unthinkable for a woman to say a harsh word to her hairdresser. Nor would she wish to; today's woman knows that she is only as chic as her coiffure—this is the acid test of fashion. Instead of bullying the man who does her hair, she's apt to think of him as one of her five or six most trusted friends, sympathetic, clever with his hands, full of amusing information about one person or another, up on the avant foreign flicks, not unaware of fluctuations in the stock market, and certainly a better source of advice than the best gypsy on the block.

Among the most flamboyantly trusted is Kenneth Battelle, a mild-talking, intelligent young man from Syracuse whose skill and obvious devotion to something one might call duty have earned him coiffing fame that spills over the bounds of mid-Manhattan, crosses the Hudson into the U.S.A., and waves briskly in Washington. Even men are apt to know that Kenneth does Mrs. Kennedy's hair, a delightful but unruly mop he's made immaculate. To questions about his clients, Kenneth replies in the straight, level tones of Upstate New York, "I'm sorry. I get such a block when people ask me that." In spite of himself, the word is abroad that they include Mrs. William Paley, Miss Wendy Vanderbilt, Mrs. John Barry Ryan, III.

After some years with Lilly Daché, he announced recently that he would launch his own salon in December on New York's East Fifty-fourth Street in a handsome house that once contained the dim Edwardian premises of the Carriage Club, a masculine stronghold rumoured to have housed—if only for a night—King Edward VII. There he plans an open and shut salon—some rooms gregarious, some rooms seclusive—decorated by William Baldwin in anything but the salon manner. "No late MGM," said Kenneth, "and no early Bucks County." Former dimness will yield to yellows, greens, and red; the great stairway with a huge landing on each of the four floors will be preserved at all costs. "Lots of waste space," explained Kenneth. "And at least one real fireplace."

About the look of the moment he feels this: Lots of hair for evening; the hairpiece, or several hairpieces massed. The blond geisha coif opposite was his idea, and that quantity, that complexity of hair is what he expects women will like at night from this moment on. During the day, however, he expects and advocates simplicity that stops believably short of naïveté. Because women will have to make the all-important switch from day to evening, he thinks hair has to be at least "chin-length"; in other words, there must be enough to work with when the swirls and hairpieces are brought into play. Roller-sets, yes; then, perhaps just brushing with no teasing, or a minimum of teasing. The effect: wide waves with ends turned up or under; and no, this does not mean flattened hair that gives no help to faces. (One thing about Kenneth: women count on him for help.)

Colouring—no small part of the beauty life now—Kenneth thinks will veer to the mauvey-taupey shades. Blondes may be a little less blond, more "baby blond," never grey-blond. For brunettes, a rose rinse produces "depth and life" of the mauvey persuasion. Variations of the same techniques do a lot for grey-haired women who, more than any others, run into the problem of finding rinses that enliven hair and skin simultaneously. "I don't want this to sound phony," said Kenneth, "because I can't stand anything that looks phony."

In the Yankee lagoons of fashion and beauty, the "decade of the *(More next page)*

AT KENNETH'S
in New York; the blond geisha,
extraordinarily blessed
here with an amazing canary
diamond of almost a hundred
carats, brilliant and rare.
From Van Cleef & Arpels.
ART KANE



AT CLAUDE'S

of New York; the baby peacock

hairdresser" is generally thought to have been launched around 1952 when the artfully sloppy Italian cut whizzed across the Atlantic and took America the way spaghetti once took Mulberry Street. Suddenly there were Italian hands in all the salons. But there were also The French, whose preoccupation with ornamental hair probably began long before Louise de La Vallière entertained for hours while her hair was transformed into anything from shepherdess to ship-in-full-sail. In New York, one of the Frenchmen of renown is Claude, who holds forth in an attractive brownstone on Sixty-fourth between Fifth and Madison—mostly white, very spare, with beautiful old woodwork. The ceilings are high; the atmosphere, businesslike; and the conversation—everyone agrees—extraordinarily fraught and various.

Claude in person is small, slender, and animated—with "swooping-crane" hands; his looks, very *net*. Although some women think him difficult, those who know and care deny this volubly. One of the most direct explained, "he's moody, not bad-tempered, just depressed." A former press agent's retort: "Isn't Balenciaga difficult?"

On the rez-de-chausée, just across the threshold, everyone is given a fresh pink smock with a smidge of Peter-Pan collar. Shampoos happen one flight up, and then the client is dispatched to any one of several open rooms; ideally, to Claude's own lair where his portrait (in action) hangs on one of the walls. Some women insist on having Claude from start to finish; interruptions are constant, and the consumption of time conspicuous. Others swear by his cutting, have that roughly once a month, rely on assistants for setting and combing. Naturally, directions from the master are part of the procedure. The lingua franca, by the way, is French, which a vast number of Claude's clients speak accurately and well. When H.R.H. Princess Sophia of Greece was in New York this autumn, she went to Claude to have her hair done. So did Sophia Loren. Other women who appear on a fairly regular basis are Mrs. Howard Oxenberg, Mrs. John Hay Whitney, Mrs. Henry Ford, II. Claude's evening mood of the moment—and this *is* fashion—is expressed by the plumed coif in the upper corner of this page—a duplicate of Vogue's cover. The hair, some of it not the natural endowment of the mannequin, is massed at the crown of the head. By day Claude rather prefers short hair, or long hair brought up off the neck and away from the cheeks. Ears should be mostly in the clear. About bangs he's rather touching; i.e., he won't prohibit them, plans instead to ponder the wisdom of letting some women have them.

Meanwhile, on *their* side of the ocean, the Paris French have let none of the traditions of Versailles lapse; the courts of Alexandre and the Carita sisters customarily issue new coiffure edicts with every round of Paris Collections and sometimes in between.

At Carita, a multi-level establishment on the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, art and power rest in the hands of Rosie Carita—a volatile brunette who looks vaguely Catalan, is known unofficially for impromptu coifs produced on the beach at St. Tropez—and Maria Carita, a blonde with a softer, more frangible kind of good looks. The point of view is avant garde; the staff, international and given to that polite but wildly democratic manner at which the French excel. Maria and an average rush of clients have been known to proceed with normal soapy abandon during such chaotic episodes as the shooting of a film sequence involving not only an actress or two but all the serpentine paraphernalia of the cameramen.

Typical of the Carita look is the Japanesque head—plenty of artifice but plenty pretty, too; this is in the "smart, silly, and touching" vein of chic that gives most women a feeling of intense elevation. Anyone who leans to the healthy-American-girl-next-door frame of mind might as well stay away.

Late in October, some of this zesty ambiance will turn up in New York at the Fifty-seventh Street salon of Caruso, where Mr. Cyril of Carita's Paris staff will *(Continued on page 102)*

AT CARITA'S

in Paris; Lady Murasaki in French



be set up as permanent French director with a staff of six Frenchmen. Interviewed in New York during the course of a preliminary reconnaissance, he declared firmly: "I want to *create* coiffures for a woman, not to have her tell me what she wants." This he has done for a string of international beauties including the Empress of Iran, whom he accompanied last spring on a state visit to the United States. He designs a new coiffure for each formal reception, sometimes sending sketches for her Iranian hairdressers to follow.

Robust, brown-haired, bilingual, Cyril is a twentieth-century naturalist when it comes to hair styling. He said several months ago that he did not foresee *his* coiffures becoming more baroque or intricate for evening than they had been in past seasons. The postiche to him is the important change, and this he treats in ingenious ways, among them meticulous, short, scroll-edged, sometimes double or triple ponytails. The postiche, in any length or size, he feels, is particularly marvellous for women who have thin, limp hair, or who are inept at teasing.

Back in America and way out West, George Masters stirs up quite a coiffure breeze in the jumping salon of Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Star-studded is the atmosphere; offhand and "jokey," Mr. Masters. When he started out with Arden at eighteen—which is probably somewhat less than ten years ago—he was known as the enfant terrible and has preserved the brand image with only a few changes ever since, mostly the sort of changes wrought by fame and a steady stream of happy clients. The salon leans hard on aquamarine and white, touches of pink, gold, and a shampoo room with black patent leather chairs, black sinks. About half of the women who come in wear Pucci-type pants, knockout shirts, and sandals, and although the "open" plan prevails here, there are a few private rooms for, say, Rosalind Russell, Capucine, Hedda Hopper, Audrey Hepburn, Natalie Wood.

It was Masters, by the way, who did Jennifer Jones's Zelda coifs for the motion picture, *Tender Is the Night*. He has since designed for



Shirley McLaine in the movie version of *Irma la Douce*. About the latter, he recently told a Vogue spy, "I did all the girls in the chorus with coiffures like_____'s," filling in the name of a distinguished rival hairdresser.

In life, Masters likes almost straight hair, the look on this page, which he considers "killing for evening." He also likes "patent leather hair," but sensibly admits that hardly anyone can wear it, that he "likes to make women look pretty, not weird." His bias, however, runs strongly in favour of the small head; he rarely uses hairpieces, is unimpressed by wigs, and thinks "any hairdresser who still teases hair is insecure."

Probably the most un-Hollywood salon anywhere is René's in South Audley Street, London, known to a swivet of fashionable beauties as "the club." René, a tall, reddish-haired Frenchman, with quantities of warmth and gaiety, has only one aim in view—to make the woman in hand more beautiful. He also makes her feel important; almost, in some minds, "cherished." All of which goes far to explain why women overlook the fact that a certain organized Gallic confusion reigns at René's and why they are more than willing to languish through a leisurely hair session without minding that the pace is not the most lightning in London.

Among René's first clients, when he came to London from Paris, was Lady Diana Cooper; later arrivals include the Marchioness of Tavistock, the Duchess of Rutland, Viscountess Lewisham, the Duchess of Blandford, and—when she is in London—Marlene Dietrich. Perhaps the greatest tribute to René is the open admiration of fellow craftsmen on both sides of the Atlantic; besides skill in cutting and a unique sense of proportion, they consider that he has a unique gift for adapting fashion to faces and character. This season he considers his most successful cut short at the back, longer at the top and sides; the line is soft, smooth, with the face clear of fringes, the ears covered. And for women who have tired of whatever colour their hair has been, new shades from saffron to toasted nut. *(Continued on page 104)*

AT GEORGE MASTERS'
in Hollywood: the American bob

AT RENE'S
in London: the short swirl

PETER RAND



ALEXANDRE OF PARIS
HIS SPECIALTY:
THE FAMOUS... THE BEAUTIFUL
AND THE
GREATEST PARIS MANNEQUINS



An ebullient, mustachioed Figaro of a man, Alexandre occupies an undisputed championship in the world of hairdressers. In Paris—and even elsewhere in the length and span of Europe—no wedding, no really epic party, no important film comes off without him, and it is widely acknowledged that his eye for line, his inventive daring outstrip anything his most dazzling customers think of requesting. Like other tycoons he works incessantly, barely stopping for lunch (which he eats in a phone booth near the salon entrance), often going in the evening to the houses of glittering clients who like to have their hair combed at home on the very brink of a night's gala.

In the salon, his right hand, and the key to the whole entourage, is Madame Maggy who is at his elbow every minute hissing in a piercing stage whisper, "The Duchess has arrived; I've put her in the little salon." To which Alexandre replies, "Quelle duchesse?" Throughout the house the cries resound: "Le shampooing de la Baronne Guy"—"Quelqu'un pour enlever les rouleaux de la Vicomtesse de Ribes"—"Le manicure de Madame Juliette Greco"—"Un verre d'eau pour Madame Achard." When Maggy announces simply, "Madame est arrivée," everyone knows at once it is the Comtesse de Paris, whose lunch is unfailingly served by a liveried attendant wearing white gloves. (Endearingly contrary to all this is the fact that Alexandre coifs young unknowns with meticulous, unfaked care and interest.)

On the day Vogue's photographer was there, Romy Schneider arrived in beige slacks with a black sweater, Chanel's chain belt; embraced Alexandre, exclaiming, "Je suis un cadavre." Instantly one sensed the rapport of great friends; it was Alexandre who coiffed Miss Schneider for her elegant sequence in *Boccaccio '70*. For the photograph opposite he pulled her shoulder-length hair up and back in sections to make a sort of *chignon bouclé*. Called the Napoleon III, it is completely in the Alexandre vein of the moment—massed and moulded hair with or without an added postiche, a coiffure to wear at night when "a woman should be noticed; she should make an apparition of *foudroyante élégance* and chic."

"The only reproach I make to American women," explained Alexandre, "is that they always have the same look. C'est scandaleux! The modern woman can and should have one look for day; one for evening."

Exuberant and voluble, Alexandre speaks with the rolling r's of the Midi, waving hands, flashing teeth; his opinions are direct and stimulating. For instance:

"The base of the art of the coiffure is the cut, as the foundation of a building is the base of architecture. I am 100% for short hair—it is younger, more practical—I believe in long hair only when it really suits a woman's personality. In that case, I would not destroy this personality but would create coiffures for her which would still enable her to be modern. From one basic cut I can make about forty hairdos, and a woman who has a good cut and goes once a week to her hairdresser should be able to maintain her hairstyle in perfect order by a flick of the brush in the morning and an occasional rolling up before her bath, leaving the curlers in one hour.

"A woman should never try to hide a wilted hairdo with a hat—it only makes the hat look bad too—the only exception is a turban. Even a modern woman lacking the time to go to the hairdresser more than once a week should be able to change her look with a simple basic hairdo, adding a postiche at night. Hair colour *must* be chosen with respect to colour of *eyes* and complexion. This is extremely important.

"A woman in our times is ugly only if she chooses to be. Any unattractive feature can be disguised by a good hairstyle—a low forehead by a curved bang, a high forehead is veiled, a wide face is 'habillé'—and for a short neck, the hair is cut very short. A good example of this is Zizi Jeanmaire, who used to have long hair until I made her cut it entirely off so that the attention is all on her marvellous eyes and legs."

Twice a year for *(Continued on page 162)*



HELMUT NEWTON



ROMY SCHNEIDER, *above*, in the baroque evening chignon that Alexandre designed for her and scattered with diamond-petalled daisies. "In the evening I want a woman to enhance her personality . . . one look for tennis, another for a ball," he said. The jewels Miss Schneider wears here are from Van Cleef & Arpels. *On facing page:* At Alexandre's Faubourg St. Germain salon, two of his 40,000 clients waiting on a great leopard pouf. Many of his paintings hang here and in other salon rooms "where everyone can enjoy them" instead of in his own house. *Near left:* Alexandre combing the Baroness Guy de Rothschild. It is said in Paris: if you want to know who is in town, the thing to do is to stop by at Alexandre's.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The gritty texture of the elections, cobbled by international situations crisscrossing state politics. . . . The big Independence Festival to celebrate the union of four East African kingdoms into one nation, Uganda, known largely because of the brilliant young king, the Kabaka, called by his classmates at Eton and Cambridge University, King Freddy. . . . The predictably flashy fun of the new John Frankenheimer movie, *The Manchurian Candidate*, which has Frank Sinatra in his usual cold sweat, Laurence Harvey in his usual hysterics, and so many tricks that much of the suspense turns less on will-Sinatra-catch-that-Communist than on will-Frankenheimer-match-that-dissolve.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The leaping beauty of the twenty-four rare books, illustrated by such superb draughtsmen as Manet, Bonnard, Toulouse-Lautrec in the enormous exhibition of the varied art collection of the late Louis E. Stern at The Brooklyn Museum. . . . The new use of the word "boss" for sharp as in real boss clothes. . . . The strength of the London television program, "All Our Yesterdays," a bright retrospective through newsreels and press photographs, with the biting, but easy narration by an attractive Irishman, Brian Inglis.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The power of the tensions set up between the extraordinary four hundred sculptures in the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Collection now at the Guggenheim Museum. . . . The absurdly amusing record, *Earl Long: Last of the Red Hot Papas*, a snippy anthology of the speeches, interviews, and casual cracks of Louisiana's late Governor who once said: "Huey had more nerve than I do. Left alone, I'm a retirin' man." . . . The full-scale attractions of Italy's Tuscan coast, and especially those of Porto Ercole, Porto Santo Stefano, and Ansedonia. . . . The ease, the knobby knowledge of Sir Michael Redgrave, reading "The First-Class Passenger" by Anton Chekhov on the Spoken Arts Chekhov recording. . . . The cheeky, punning *The Madison Avenue Cook Book for People Who Can't Cook and Don't Want Other People to Know It* by Alan Koehler who follows his own advice: "Remember that your audience is easily fooled—even world-renowned cooks are more beholden to the ignorance of eaters than to the excellence of the eaten."

Edgy, small, like an oppressed, aging orphan with fiery black eyes in a whitened face, thirty-one-year-old Anthony Newley is the star, the director, the co-author, and the co-composer of the cranky new musical, *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*, which has just opened in New York after its London run. When Newley in black, high-buttoned trousers, leaning against a circus tent sings, his voice scrapes over round Cockney vowels wailing cleverly over rather highbrow, intelligent lyrics. At the end of one song, raging about nuclear holocaust, he seems to crumple everywhere, and then circles the stage slowly with a pitched wail—"Stop the World!" Aiding him superbly is a large young woman, Anna Quayle, big-eyed, kookie, who makes him seem even more mashed down, the way, in fact that James Thurber's men are by their women. To some Newley is too mimsey, too Pagliacci, even too Oliver Twist, a movie in which he played some fifteen years ago. To many more, however, he is a supremely talented nonconformist, asking in one of his songs, "What Kind of Fool Am I?" and not quite answering it in another song, "I Wanna Be Dirty, Rotten, Filthy, Stinkin' Rich."

ANTHONY NEWLEY

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



"PATCH-WORK CHILD" BY BROOKE ASTOR

An informal excerpt from her memoirs about her early life in the Chinese Imperial City, Peking, when the Manchu princes still wore pigtails

Mrs. Vincent Astor, in her book, *Patchwork Child*, to be published in November by Harper & Row, gives a fascinating account of her life in Washington, China, Hawaii, and Panama, all taken from the diaries she kept from seven to sixteen. When her father, John Henry Russell, went to Peking as Marine Commandant, he took his beautiful wife and young daughter, Brooke, who learned to speak colloquial Pekingese, played with the last of the Manchus, the child Pu-Yi, and saw the nine ranks of Mandarins. In time her father became High Commissioner to Haiti and later Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps.

There is something romantic about living in a walled city, and living in Peking was especially so as it was composed of three walled cities: The Chinese City, the Forbidden City, and The Imperial City. The Legation Quarter where we lived hugged the Tartar Wall which enclosed the Chinese City, and the first thing we saw on awakening in the morning was the huge Wall looming above the walls of the Compound. I understand that the Communist Government is going to tear down the Peking Walls. As much as I dislike the thought of these beautiful and historic monuments being lost to future generations, still I can understand the psychology: walls keep things in. They also keep things out.

The foreigners in Peking were as much influenced by the Walls as were the Chinese. The Walls of Peking shut out the world they knew and so they created a never-never land of their own, quite dissociated from real life. Herded together as they were in the rather cramped Legation Quarter, seeing one another continually, they set out to fight ennui with the intensity of a Walter Reed tracking down a mosquito. (It must be remembered that during this time a revolution was going on in China and a European War was hanging over our heads.) From morning—when they started off on rides or picnics—to evening—when lanterns, with the host's name in great red characters to guide the rickshaw coolies, were put outside the houses—there was constant activity. Expeditions, bridge parties, receptions, *thé dansants*, dinners, cotillions, and private theatricals: all kept the Legation Quarter humming. Paris and London were far away, but by every post came reminders of them. Packages poured in—everything from the latest books and periodicals to Paris dresses and hats and canaries from the Harz Mountains to be given as cotillion favours. It was a glorious life and Mother entered into it with all her zest and *joie de vivre*.

She soon became the belle of Peking and no party was complete without "the Russells." It was quite a compliment because the inner circle of Peking European society was a highly civilized, highly intelligent group. These people amused themselves inordinately but they refused to tolerate stupidity or dullness of wit. One had to be on one's toes intellectually and, of course, completely bilingual as French and English were used interchangeably. Mother had kept up with the latest French and English writers and some of the more esoteric writers of the past, and so was quite prepared to enter into the circle's life of the mind.

Although Father did not have the same intellectual interests as Mother (no dissecting of *"Une Femme de Trente Ans"* for *him*), he was an excellent bridge player, a good horseman, and superb at tennis. He refused to act, and dances bored him. But he had a shrewd, dry sense of humour and was endowed with the wonderful quality of being a good listener. He was also a top man in his profession and, as there were so many officers in Peking, he had hosts of friends interested in the same things that he was. Together, *(Continued next page)*

HORST

Mother and Father were a most attractive couple.

There was one of their activities that interested me enormously and that was a group called "The Purple Cows." It was supposed to be a literary society and was composed of the French Minister and Mme. de Margerie (she was the sister of Edmond Rostand, the author of *Chantecler*, et cetera); the Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Dariel de Menocal; Mr. and Mrs. Willard Straight (she was Dorothy Whitney of New York); the French banker, Casenave; and a couple of others whom I did not know so well. The idea of calling the society "The Purple Cows" emanated from Mr. Straight. M. Casenave sent to Paris for purple Charvet dressing gowns with orange collars and cuffs that the men wore over their suits at meetings with very impressive effect. When the meeting was held at our house I used to peek in to watch as they sat around in a circle reading aloud.

Every member was expected to compose a paper to be read at the meetings. They could write on any subject they chose. I knew that Mr. Straight could both write and illustrate and that the De Margeries and Casenave were gifted writers. Mother could always dash off something and, when she read it herself, make it sound particularly attractive. But I was dubious about Father's ability. Finally, I got up the courage to ask him, "What do you write about for 'The Purple Cows,' Father?" I was sitting on the floor, watching him buckle on his sword for a parade, when I put the question to him.

"Damn," said Father, as the sword banged against his leg. Then, looking me straight in the face, he said sternly, "War."

"War!" I exclaimed. "Do you write about war every single time?"

"Yes," replied Father, "every single time. How to make war and how to avoid it."

My head reeled. This was Father in a new light, half St. George, half Dragon, breathing fire intermittently. It thrilled me.

Even though writing of war, Father was not always thinking of it. He took a Chinese lesson every day and when we left Peking could not only speak fairly good Mandarin but could also write it. He knew a great many Chinese people and was tremendously interested in learning all he could of their psychology and customs. Father also spoke adequate Japanese and went often to stag dinners at the Japanese Legation.

It was at one of these dinners in 1913 that, during a lull in the conversation, Father looked down at the Japanese Imperial crest on his dinner plate—a beautiful chrysanthemum. It was in orange and gold and should have had twelve petals for the twelve provinces. In idly counting the petals, however, Father found thirteen. He thought it must be a mistake, and out of curiosity counted the petals on the dinner plates on either side of him. Those chrysanthemums, too, had thirteen petals. He looked up at that moment and caught his host's eye.

"A penny for your thoughts, Major," laughed the Japanese Commandant.

"I notice," replied Father, "that these chrysanthemums have thirteen petals. It is *most* interesting."

The Commandant looked furious and for a moment there was a silence. Then the Japanese started to make raucous conversation all at once. When the next course was served, the plates had twelve-petal chrysanthemums.

Father told Mother about it the next afternoon at teatime. "The Victory Plates were brought out by mistake. I'm sure that there will be the devil to pay with their No. 1 Boy."

"What do you mean by 'victory plates'?" asked Mother.

"They obviously intend to annex Manchukuo," said Father. "I've been wondering just when they were going to do it."

The Japanese *did* annex Manchukuo, as we all know, and my little friend, Pu-Yi, became the puppet Emperor.

Father, in other words, kept his eyes open while he mingled with the Chinese, foreign diplomats, and fellow officers. He was far from headquarters and had to make many decisions on his own. His initiative may, in fact, be one of the reasons he was chosen to be High Commissioner to Haiti and Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps.

The Peking life, as you can see, offered a great deal to my family, and both Mother and Father got out of it just what was needed to enlarge their horizons and add lustre to their personalities. It was an Edwardian life in an eighteenth-century atmosphere. For me, it was the normal Grown-up world. I sensed intrigue around me but it was masked in discretion. I heard talk that I did not understand and I saw things that made no sense. The climate of the society was effete but distinguished. As a result I became quite sophisticated but absurdly innocent—a rather ridiculous combination.

* * *

When Amah and I had an afternoon to ourselves we took the dogs walking on the Wall, a favourite promenade ground for the foreigners. The back gate of our Legation was almost parallel to one of the ramps leading to the Wall, and our Marines guarded the blockhouse over the Chien Men gate which led to the Chinese City. The Wall was about a hundred feet wide and had blockhouses at strategic intervals. The grey blockhouses had red tile roofs with curving ends and were very pretty.

From the Wall, one could see down onto the Legations on one side, the Chinese City on the other, and beyond the Legations the Chinese City again. Off to the left was the Imperial City, its pink walls surmounted with yellow tiles and, in the middle, the great mass of yellow tile roofs that was the Winter Palace.

Amah and I liked it particularly at sunset, when the grey stones of the Chinese houses turned to soft mauve pink and the canals beyond the Outer City looked like bits of rosy glass. At this hour, the pigeons would fly in formation over our heads. The leader had a wooden whistle tied to his wing which made



Young Brooke with her uncle, Charles Howard, and a friend in Washington.

an eerie sound as he flew. Also at this time, the rooks flew in sweeping flocks, cawing vociferously. They always flew in the same direction. "Where are they going?" I asked Amah. "They must hully to get into the Imperial City before the gates close," she answered. "If no can get in, die!" I used to watch them anxiously after that and inwardly urge on the laggards. . . .

It was on the Wall that Mother got the compliment which she constantly quoted as being the best she had ever received. She had been very nervous and tired and the doctor ordered her to walk at least five miles a day, rain or shine. She did it for about a week. On one of these days it was raining hard, so she went out in an old high-neck sweater and no hat. She hoped no one else would be out in such weather. But Monsieur N. of the French Legation, also under doctor's orders, came face to face with her. He stopped and stared, then bending, kissed her hand. "Madame Russell," he exclaimed ecstatically, "you are so adorably ugly." Father neither liked the kissing of the hand nor the compliment and I wondered what it was all about. It seemed to enchant Mother. "Always remember, Brooke, that a doubtful compliment is the best," said Mother to me. "Just the way a smile is better than a laugh, and a light in the eyes best of all."

It was on the Wall that I often ran into Mr. K., the Russian Minister, walking with Nelka P., a French girl, about six years older than I. We had met at children's parties and I used to smile and wave at them as we passed. They seemed to be having a good time. And I understood perfectly as a lot of Father's friends were very nice to me. What I did not understand was one day at tea Mother said to Father, "It's the most disgusting thing I've ever heard." "He ought to be shot," said Father severely. "I hear she slipped away dressed as a coolie and he took her to Mukden," said Mother, pouring herself another cup. "Scratch a Russian and find a Tartar," said Father. "The Russians aren't really civilized. I never liked old K. I always thought him sly." "But Nelka seemed like such a charming girl," said Mother. "I understand that Mr. P. has gone after them. But, once they get into Russia, it will be hopeless."

When I realized whom they were talking about I burst into a hearty laugh. "I'd love to go off with Captain Hopkins dressed as a coolie," I said. (Captain Hopkins was the president of the American Bachelor's Cocktail Club.) Mother glared at me. "Stop showing off," she said. "It's most unattractive. You don't know what you're saying."

And, of course, I really did not.

* * *

To be a child in Peking in 1911-14 one needed great stamina. I was not terribly strong and there were moments when I succumbed to a "quinsy" sore throat or a horrid hacking cough brought on by the dust storms. There was not, however, a place in our household for a "lie-a-bed" and, after Mother had read *(Continued on page 160)*





Above: *Marines in front of the Chien Men Gate of the Peking Wall.*

Left: *Mrs. Russell with her daughter, Brooke, on a donkey, Li.*





Far left: *Children's party, at the American Legation in Peking.*

Left: *Seven-year-old Brooke and her Shanghai nurse, her feet bound.*





WHAT'S SPECIAL ABOUT NIGHT LOOKS NOW

The way the head has taken over, here and on the next pages, eight important looks of the season, all dazzlingly finished with plumes, jewels, veils, bows, hats, or baroque coiffures. Evening fashion hasn't been so definite and seductive in years. Black glinting on black, *above:* the low-backed theatre dress and jacket of unglossed cloqué worn with long gloves of black glacé kidskin and St. Laurent's hat idea, a felt basket colossally bowed in ciré. The Helga suit, of wool and silk, about $225, at Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Gloves by Van Raalte. *At left:* Theatre suit jewelled with its own blouse and hat, *left:* the suit, dark sumac-red velvet; the glittering overblouse crusted with bugle and crystal beads; the hat, a patch of gold and cranberry sequins. More jewelling, neck to waist coils of tiny gilt artichoke beads by Trifari. Suit by Harvey Berin, of Du Pont nylon. Suit and necklaces at Bergdorf Goodman. Suit: Rich's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Backgrounds, the newly decorated ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.





Glitter stripes, bugle-beads on white silk crêpe, *left*, the lines of the overblouse and skirt, stark, feminine. On the head, a pearl and rhinestone spiral. Dress by Herbert Sondheim. Coiffure-necklace by K.J.L. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's Joseph Magnin. *Right:* Black ribbon overblouse with a bare sloping backline and a narrow black streamer of a skirt. At the peak of the beaded toque, a jet-drenched whisk; hat by Lilly Daché. Dress by Monte-Sano & Pruzan; overblouse of French ribbon lace, skirt of spun rayon. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's. Photographs here and on the following four pages were taken at The Plaza Hotel.

LOUIS FAURER



Backless wool, *left*, a long sheath, black with a tiered cape (not shown); more backline in the fish-tailed hem of the skirt. The hat, mantilla veiling and satin bows. Costume by Hannah Troy, of wool loomed in America, about $225, at Saks Fifth Avenue; C. Crawford Hollidge; Battelstein's; Frederick & Nelson. *Right:* Night look for a sweater dress, uncontrived, meticulous, charming; black wool jersey top, white silk-and-wool ottoman skirt; coffee satin belt. Feather hat, by Miss Alice. Dress, by Ben Barrack, about $110: Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Gus Mayer.

LOUIS FAURER





Y are white crêpe sheath, *left,* worn with a bunch of rhinestones dangling from the belt. (We added the medallion, the fall of glitter.) The most elegant sailor cap around, Givenchy's, of draped white satin. Dress by H. Charles of Bianchini silk, about $185, at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Hat copied at Henri Bendel. White kidskin gloves by Kislav. *Right:* One-shouldered black crêpe dress with jet-banded bolero; worn with jacket, it's a long evening suit. The hat, a black chenille apple pierced with a curved ostrich plume. The dress by Philip Hulitar, of Enka rayon and Celanese acetate; at Hattie Carnegie; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hat by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Lambskin gloves by Meyers Make. Andrew Geller shoes.

LOUIS FAURER



A spot cruise here through five of this season's best books, all of them good travellers, all fairly seditious to the notion of spending-the-year-at home. The range includes: E. B. White on the lyrical pleasures of Maine; Peter Matthiessen on the wild beauty of a place totally unfamiliar, the Baliem Valley of New Guinea; Christopher Rand on a lazy, lovely visit to Greece; the great nineteenth-century novelist Stendhal on his country, France, with which he carried on a loving, chiding, only intermittently reciprocal family affair; and Bradley Smith, on a part of the Caribbean which remains today as it was when Columbus first saw the "trees very green" of San Salvador.

"THE BEST

FROM FIVE NEW BOOKS OF TRAVELS

A book of travels both on the map and in the mind, The Points of My Compass *is a collection of essays by E. B. White: most of them the result of an early admiration for those magazine writers responsible for "letters from far distant or far-out places like Kenya or Washington." Wrote White in the introduction to* The Points of My Compass, *published by Harper & Row, "I think I must have been envious of the persons who wrote these letters, the foreign correspondents who enjoyed the aura of romance that settles on that profession. At any rate, I decided to become a letter writer. One obstacle stood in my way, and it was a stubborn one: unlike other correspondents, I seldom went anywhere or did anything. . . . Not wanting to rule out any portion of the globe as my territory, or any subject matter as my concern . . . I selected my office in midtown Manhattan as a locus—a spot in air between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets, between Fifth and Sixth. . . . Thus, by merely walking half a block over to Sixth Avenue, I was in a position to write a 'Letter from the West.' You can readily see what a convenience this was to a foreign correspondent." Here, part of a letter from the country of White's heart, Maine.*

Shortly before he died, Bernard DeVoto gave the Maine coast a brisk going over in his *Harper's* column, using some four-letter words that raised the hackles of the inhabitants. Mr. DeVoto used the word "slum" and the word "neon." He said that the highway into Maine was a sorry mess all the way to Bucksport, and that the whole strip was overpopulated and full of drive-ins, diners, souvenir stands, purulent amusement parks, and cheap-Jack restaurants. I was thinking about this indictment at lunch the other day, trying to reconstruct my own cheap-Jack impressions of the familiar route after my recent trip over it. As I sat at table, gnawing away at a piece of pie, snow began falling. . . .

Even without the kindly erasures of the snow, the road into Maine does not seem a slum to me. Like highways everywhere, it is a mixed dish: Gulf and Shell, bay and gull, neon and sunset, cold comfort and warm, the fussy façade of a motor court right next door to the pure geometry of an early-nineteenth-century clapboard house with barn attached. You can certainly learn to spell "moccasin" while driving into Maine, and there is often little else to do, except steer and avoid death. Woods and fields encroach everywhere, creeping to within a few feet of the neon and the court, and the experienced traveller into this land is always conscious that just behind the garish roadside stand, in its thicket of birch and spruce stands the delicate and well-proportioned deer; just beyond the overnight cabin, in the pasture of granite and juniper, trots the perfectly designed fox. This is still our triumphant architecture, and the Maine man does not have to penetrate in depth to be excited by his coastal run; its flavour steals into his consciousness with the first ragged glimpse of properly textured woodland, the first whiff of punctually drained cove. . . .

What happens to me when I cross the Piscataqua and plunge rapidly into Maine at a cost of seventy-five cents in tolls? I can not describe it. I do not ordinarily spy a partridge in a pear tree, or three French hens, but I do have the sensation of having received a gift from a true love. And when, five hours later, I dip down across the Narramissic and look back at the tiny town of Orland, the white spire of its church against the pale-red sky stirs me in a way that Chartres could never do. It was the Narramissic that once received as fine a lyrical tribute as was ever paid to a river—a line in a poem by a schoolboy, who wrote of it, "It flows through Orland every day." I never cross that mild stream without thinking of his testimonial to the constancy, the dependability of small, familiar rivers.

Familiarity is the thing—the sense of belonging. It breeds exemption from all evil, all shabbiness. A farmer pauses in the doorway of his barn and he is wearing the right boots. A sheep stands under an apple tree and it wears the right look, and the tree is hung with puckered frozen fruit of the right colour. The spruce boughs

OF THE BEST"

that bank the foundations of the homes keep out the only true winter wind, and the light that leaves the sky at four o'clock automatically turns on the yellow lamps within, revealing to the soft-minded motorist interiors of perfect security, kitchens full of a just and lasting peace. (Or so it seems to the homing traveller.)

In the Baliem Valley of New Guinea, a place of great ferns, mists, rhododendron, and a quiet broken mostly by the squalls of parrots, live the Kurelu, a people trapped—until last year—in time. What happened last year was the 1961 Harvard-Peabody Expedition, which set out to study the Kurelu, irrevocably opening the untouched part of the Baliem. One member of that expedition was the late Michael Rockefeller; another was Peter Matthiessen, whose book Under the Mountain Wall *is the immensely moving result of what he called "a unique chance, perhaps the last, to describe a lost culture in the terrible beauty of its pure estate." In the endless summer where the Kurelu lived, the days were marked only by desultory border warfare with enemy tribes, gardening, feasting, burning the dead; they knew the names of nothing beyond the wall of the Snow Mountains. Here, from* Under the Mountain Wall, *published by Viking, what several of the Kurelu did.*

Ekapuwe walked up and down the sili yard, alone in the village of Lokoparek; as she walked she sang softly to her new baby, who slept, invisible, far down in the bottom folds of her empty net. The net was a new one, dyed in a red and blue pattern. Ekapuwe was restless, and her walking served to rock the baby. When she was not singing, she would smoke, using the long holder which, despite her bony feet and hanging breasts, gave her a certain elegance. . . .

Aku, who may have known eight springs, and her friends, Eken of Homaklep, and Werekma, the pretty daughter of Loliluk, wandered in the afternoon onto the hillsides. Each of the thin children picked a bouquet of bright flowers, mostly the blossoms of the yellow rhododendron, *nektamuk,* but also red ginger, *eroaloali,* the small white rhododendron, *wamasi,* with its sweet spicy smell, a burmannia, *le,* which is a strange pale blue, and two varieties of ground orchid, one small and purple, the other large and brown and white and lavender.

The girls carried their flowers for a little while, strolling down through the coolness of the evergreens by the spring of Homuak. Above, the war kains sat around the council fire, against the wall of fern, and the children stood apart, pressed to the trees. Small bellies and behinds sticking out, the flowers clasped in hands folded neatly on their skirts of reed, they stared at the fierce old men. Word had come that a woman of the enemy had drowned in the Baliem. A woman's suicide in the Baliem occurs from time to time, but the cause of this death was unknown. The death of a woman was not the same as the death of a man, but it was glad tidings all the same.

The children went up onto the hill again. They did not know quite why they had picked the flowers, which were of no use or consequence, and, looking at one another, they began to giggle, putting their hands into their mouths. Then Aku and Eken and Werekma picked their bouquets to pieces, and, because it rained during that night, the fallen blossoms were still living the next day.

A writer whose approach to anywhere is calm, knowing, coolly accurate, Christopher Rand spent, in 1960, an almost Jamesian year in Greece: he set out to see it as any tourist might see it, had time (as few tourists do) to wander both the travelled and the untravelled paths. He had time to read Pausanias's second-century Description of Hellas, *"still the best available guide to classical Greece . . . not a work for the casual tourist to buy, transport, and brandish among the ruins, but excellent in libraries, where scholars and low-speed travellers may dip into it." He had time to drift around in a chartered boat with a handful of other Americans: "The captain lectured us once for our poor coordination. . . . He said that being out of step that way was an American trait;" he had time to linger over lunches and talk to guides and entertain one or another of his young sons and their assorted friends. The result of that low-speed travelling is* Grecian Calendar, *published by Oxford University Press. In* Grecian Calendar, *Rand, unhurriedly amassing detail after loving detail (the look of his room at the Hotel Cecil in Kifissia, a bat which flew down from the pink sky and past his face while Oedipus and Jocasta unravelled their fates on stage at Epidaurus), achieved that rare thing, a good book of travels. Here, an excerpt from his chapter on the island of Mykonos.*

Northerners have been drawn to the Mediterranean since the dawn of history. In ancient times they came as barbarian attackers. In the Middle Ages they came as "Crusaders," Viking seamen, or adventurers about to join the Varangian guard of the Byzantine emperor. They couldn't stay away, and now they come as tourists. They bring money into Greece, and in return they get unwonted things like wine, sunshine, and a non-puritan environment. The Greeks are used to them—to their slowness, introversion, hard drinking, and other non-Hellenic ways. Greeks can talk and think faster than almost any Northerner, and one gets the impression that they are rather amused by us, though they politely conceal this from all but other Greeks. The amusement need not hurt the Northerners especially. That spring on Mount Athos a Greek monk had told me how he and his fellows had made fun, during the war, of some Germans stationed on the coast there, to spy on shipping. "They loved to drink," he said. "We used to give them lots of *raki,* and they would get drunk, and we would watch them and laugh to ourselves." I listened to the monk attentively, yet I suspected that the Germans had enjoyed the game at least as much as he had.

The Northern tourists, most of whom come to Greece for brief excursions, have less chance to study the natives than vice versa. But I know one Norwegian who has lived on Mykonos for some time, and he has begun developing theories. He finds his neighbours very sane, for one thing, by Northern standards. "I don't know what mental problems these extroverted Greeks can have," he said to me during the summer, "unless it's going out and getting lost in space." He fell silent for a while. "They are all hysterics," he went on. "A Greek would have to be treated for extreme phlegmaticness if he weren't hysterical." Then he fell silent again. Northerners are *(Continued on page 159)*



FAR-EASTERN FORTNIGHT IN DALLAS

Their fingernails painted with pure gold, these Phakavali dancers from Thailand are part of the splendour of Dallas, Texas, where, for a fortnight, the Far East is being fêted with a burst of galas instigated by the redoubtable Stanley Marcus. Distinguished visitors add to the dazzle: members of the diplomatic corps, artists and businessmen, beauties in drifting Indian saris, in silken Japanese kimonos, in the brocade *chima* and *chogari* of Korea. The famous movie man, Run Run Shaw, is flying in from Hong Kong where he and his brother, Run Me, produce seventy movies a year, showing them, and some American movies, in their chain of theatres throughout Southeast Asia. By air from Bombay came a baby elephant. Other Dallas Fortnight excitements pivot around the Neiman-Marcus shop, where the arts and the exquisite crafts of the Far East are on view. In a final spate of brilliance, the Phakavali Dancers will perform their mannered, extraordinarily beautiful sword dances, drum dances, and court dances to the instruments of the Pi-Phat Orchestra: copper gongs, reeded oboes, drums, and bamboo xylophones shaped like Thai riverboats.

HANS HAMMARSKIÖLD

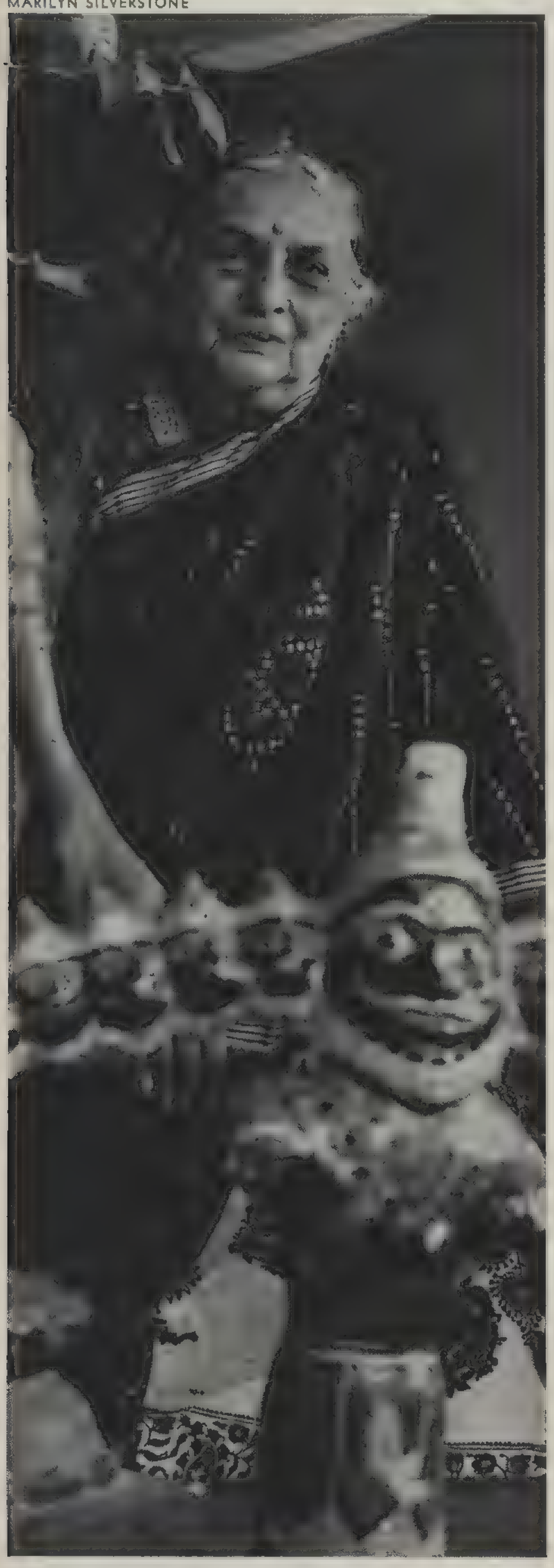
At the Dallas Far-Eastern Fortnight these nine leading officials represent four of the fifteen participating nations.

From India: Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyay, a woman of enormous charm and authority, is Chairman of the All India Handicrafts Board which works, among other projects, for the Cottage Industries.

From the Federation of Malaya: Ambassador Dato' Ong Yoke Lin serves both in Washington and at the United Nations. His charming wife is Datin Ong. (Dato' and Datin are equivalent Malayan titles for the British titles, Sir and Lady.)

From the Republic of Viet Nam: His Excellency Tran Van Chuong holds ambassadorial posts in Brazil, Mexico, Canada, and the United States. Mme. Chuong is Permanent Observer to the United Nations.

MARILYN SILVERSTONE



MRS. KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAY, CHAIRMAN, ALL INDIA HANDICRAFTS BOARD



AMBASSADOR TRAN VAN CHUONG, OF THE REPUBLIC OF VIET NAM, AND MME. CHUONG



AMBASSADOR DATO' ONG YOKE LIN, OF THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA, AND DATIN ONG

FAR-EASTERN FORTNIGHT IN DALLAS

HORST



AMBASSADOR BRAJ KUMAR NEHRU, OF INDIA, AND MRS. NEHRU

From India: Ambassador Braj Kumar Nehru, a cousin of Prime Minister Nehru, is Ambassador to the United States. Tall, handsome, and a brilliant economist, he is a knowing conferencier and television panelist. Mrs. Nehru, an attractive dark-haired woman born in Hungary, looks especially lovely in the jewels of India. From the Republic of Korea: Ambassador Lee is on his second tour of duty to the United Nations. He has served in Geneva, Paris, London, and as Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs in Seoul. An elegant woman, Mrs. Lee here wears her Korean *chima* and *chogori,* is a distinguished pianist.



AMBASSADOR SOO YOUNG LEE,
OF THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA, AND MRS. LEE

10 great travellers— clothes ideas that make the world their oyster

THE FUR-LINED COAT: Terrific in '62 if it's suède—this, fawn-coloured and slated for miles of adventure, appears a jog to the right, might be worn sublimely with a red knitted dress as well as with the creamy white shown here. Other ways to have fur on the inside track: A white tweed coat lined with mink. Brown tweed coat lined with cinnamon civet cat, worn with a skirt of the same brown tweed, a suède pullover. Black leather trench coat lined with black mink, worn over a bright yellow wool overblouse and skirt. *The geography involved:* Possibly the Annual Lapp Fair beyond the Arctic Circle at Skibotn, November 12-13. The Hahnenkamm races at Kitzbühel, Austria, the last week in January. Or New Year's Day in Japan.
A SILK JERSEY DRESS, better if it has sleeves. Don't wear this en route; pack it for the satisfaction of seeing it come out of the suitcase looking fine, just fine. Wear it everywhere. *Geography:* Universal, but you'll treasure it most in such places as the San Domenico Hotel in Taormina; the Hotel Is Marus at Santa Margherita di Pula in Sardinia; and the Hotel Indonesia in Djakarta, Indonesia.
THE WHITE WINTER SUIT, for starting out in cold weather, ending up in the sun zones. Whatever the shape, the feeling is obviously Chanel—with all her sense of dead-eye dash and adventure. *Geography:* When not en route, wear it for the races in Hialeah (opening mid-January) with a navy-blue lisle pullover. In Rome wear it for dinner at George's with a black moire blouse, a largesse of jet jewellery.
ONE KNOCKOUT HANDBAG. It's hard to beat black crocodile with two strong handles, and once the investment has been made (it's roughly as big as a croc's smile), nothing but benefits accrue. Also good, and wonderfully apt for climate-crossing: the fur bag, this year in black mink. In either case, there's both intelligence and dash in the addition of a gold identification disc chained to the handle. *Geography:* Unlimited. If you leave instantly you can catch the bullfights and festival processions at Saragossa and Medinaceli, a major exhibition of Goya at the Prado in Madrid (this till October 28—cartoons for tapestries, engravings, portraits).
BOOTS. And they've never been better than they are now. For day and night mileage, concentrate on the just-below-mid-calf length with little stacked heels, maybe square toes, leopard inside if *(Continued on page 158)*

SUÈDE: FUR INSIDE
A travelling natural for all time—the fawn suède coat designed to weather the world. Beige Mongolian lamb is the lining, long haired and special; the hat in order, beige Mongolian lamb. Worn here with an untensed sheath of white Angora jersey. All by Venet. The lipstick for fawn: a Pure Apricot by Coty.

PENN





SUÈDE FOR EVERYWHERE— EMERALD GREEN

Nothing but news, the suit at left: suède, with a gem-green brilliance it's never had before, and a perfectly unshakable worldliness — cities are this suède's oyster, but a pair of country brogues are also right in its stride. (As it happens, that's Idlewild shimmering in the background, and the very next brogues in this suit-life might be the ones at Shannon: this look—and a jet—is a very good way to get anywhere in the world.) Suit—blazer jacket, wedge of skirt, worn with a beige wool jersey blouse—by John Weitz for Leather-mode. Suit about $90; blouse about $18. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo's windsock hat.

BRUCE DAVIDSON



SUÈDE: QUARTERLY REVIEW, CITY AND COUNTRY

Opposite, left: Suède on the rocks (could be suède on asphalt, suède on a jet—it's that highly developed, the new suède civilization). Fitted beige coat by Sportwhirl; about $110. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin. Suède boots: Evins. *Below:* For a shirt and skirt, suit—and travel—accommodations provided by a weskit of olive-green cotton suède cloth. About $17. Creamy silk surah shirt about $23. Honey-coloured wool Melton cloth skirt about $18. All by Mr. Gee. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Roos-Atkins. Hats by Adolfo.

This page, above: Straight-sided pullover, partly suède—what's not knitted camel's hair is a suède front, with pockets slashed in. Dry champagne is the colour throughout; about $35. Kneecapping skirt of grey worsted flannel by Sloat; about $25. Bonwit Teller. *Left:* Sweater-set that's a fresh point of view on the subject—the baby turtle-neck belongs to a sleeveless camel's hair sweater; the suède-fronted cardigan is sleeved and backed with knitted camel's hair. The colour in both cases: camel. Pullover about $20. Cardigan about $40. The woollen kneecap skirt by Sloat; about $20. At Peck & Peck. All sweaters this page, by Hadley at Peck & Peck; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

BRUCE DAVIDSON



THE WINDBREAK JACKET: SUÈDE AND FOX COUNTRY

Windbreak country: point of origin for great jacket-looks this season—silk windbreaks have been noted in earlier issues of Vogue. Now—this news. *Above:* Taupe suède windbreak, bloused—its exact depth of country indicated by rough tweed, woollen gloves. (City credentials: glossy gloves, knitted black shift.) By Highlander, Quilon-treated for water-repellence; about $40. Best & Co.; Macy's, Kansas City. Adolfo hat. *Right:* Newest little fur to own—the fur that's a windbreak, and a major fashion city or country. This fur, a little fox—one of the South American kit variety. By Quality Furs. Fuchs gloves. Both: Henri Bendel. Windbreak: Joseph Horne; Joseph Magnin.

BRUCE DAVIDSON





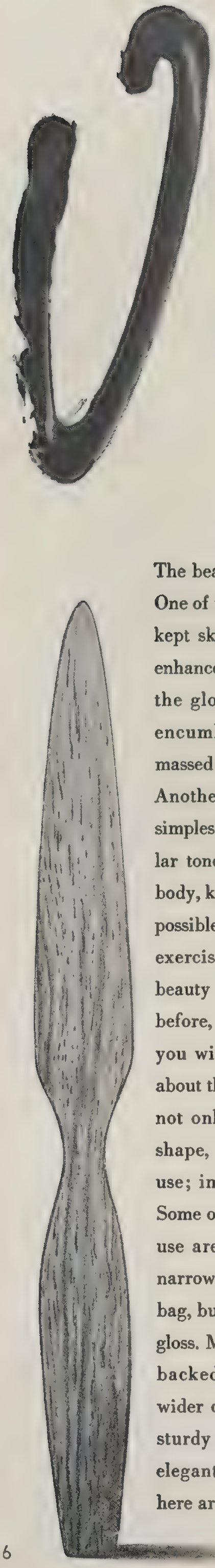
SUIT COUNTRY: NEW PANTS LOOKS

Not just news here, but news of a definitive country suit-look: long, impeccably tailored jackets worn with the strictest pants (from the knees down, in fact, strict as jodhpurs). *Above:* This jacket buttons up the back—all the better to see the deep V-seam that accounts for this suit's shrug of the shoulder dash. Of bright red Melton cloth. *Near right:* Everything coming up raspberry here—the tweed jacket and muffler, jersey pants, and an unseen jersey pullover. *Far right:* Brown and beige checks, somewhat fitted; belted. The hood is made of beige jersey, as is a long-sleeved pullover inside. Tiffeau & Busch wool suits. Pappagallo boots. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Suits: Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hansen gloves.

BRUCE DAVIDSON

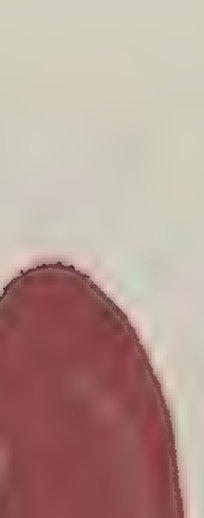


THE BEAUTY WORD



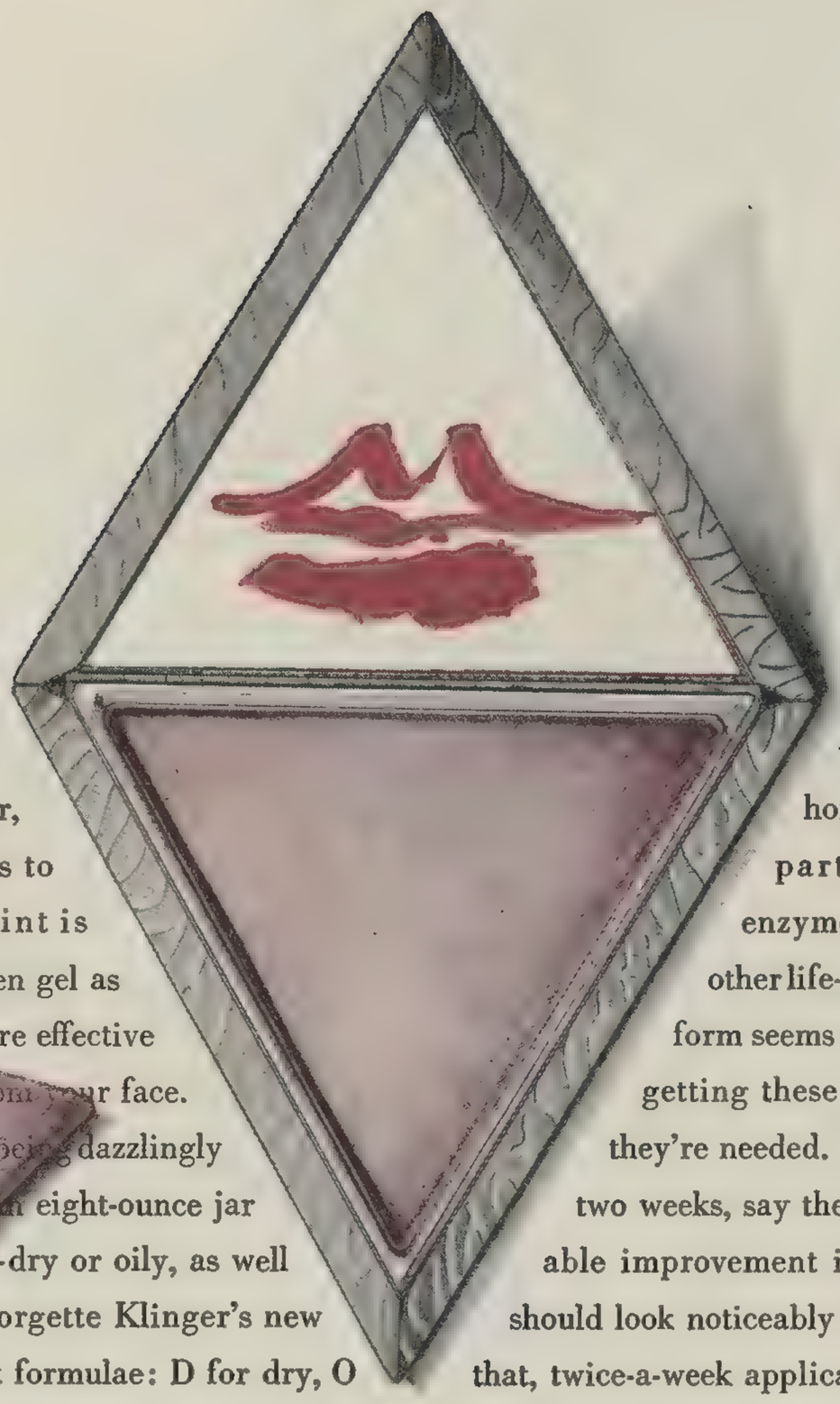






The beauty word now: not one, but several. One of them is gloss—the gloss of clean, well-kept skin, nourished by good circulation, enhanced but not overloaded with make-up; the gloss of healthy, vigorous hair, less encumbered by bangs and bushes, often massed smoothly at the back of the head.... Another beauty word is tone—used in its simplest medical sense, and meaning muscular tone, the overall tone of a lithe, active body, kept so by regular exercise; outdoor if possible, indoor if necessary (the gyms and exercise salons are booming).... Another beauty word is gel—you may have heard it before, in these pages among other places; you will hear it increasingly often (more about this later).... Another word is shape—not only are women themselves in better shape, but so are many of the things they use; in both cases, the shape is slenderer. Some of the new slender shapes coming into use are shown here—at left, a hairbrush, narrow and light enough to slip into a handbag, but firm enough to brush hair to a high gloss. Made by Kent of London, it is ebony-backed, with tapering ends, a somewhat wider centre; the black natural bristles are sturdy and springy. About $3.50. The two elegant and mysterious cylinders shown here are lipsticks—new, dramatically longer, easier to handle, easier to use with precision. (Why does a portrait painter use a long brush? Simply because it works better.) The one directly left is Fabergé's delicately angular new long lipstick; its gilt case, triangular in shape, is remarkably easy to hold and to work with. It can be had in nine colours—three of them porcelain-pale ones—at $1.85; refills are $1.25 apiece. Right: Max Factor's new "Fine Line" lipstick, in a tall, fluted gilt case with white-enamel banding. The shape news here involves not only the case, but the lipstick itself—it is wedge-shaped, so the thin edge of the wedge can be used as a lip-liner; then, the flat edge is used to fill in colour between the lines. The tip of the case is also cut away at a 45-degree angle to support the slender wedge of lipstick. Ready November 1, in twelve colours, ranging from clear-reds to pinky pastels, at $1.50. On the facing page, a new shape for a compact—triangular. Made by Fabergé—and echoing the triangular shape of the lipstick at left—it not only looks new (in an Eternal sort of way) but is, when you come to think of it, amazingly logical. The price varies from $2.75 to $5 according to the design of the case (there are several versions); refills of pressed powder, with a puff, are $1.10. Obviously, the Fabergé compact and lipstick together make a handsomely geometrical pair.... Now, for the word on gels: they're really jelling on all

DRAWINGS BY ED KASPER



fronts. Cleansers, emollients, treatment preparations—all are appearing in gel form: this being pleasantly clear, un-greasy, semi-solid (it often turns to liquid on the skin). A case in point is Scandia's new Ultra-Clean, a pale-green gel as translucent as springwater, and far more effective at removing dirt and stale make-up from your face. The skin is left fresh and supple, besides being dazzlingly clean. In a four-ounce jar ($3.50), or an eight-ounce jar ($6).... For skins that tend to be over-dry or oily, as well as for the ones that fall between, Georgette Klinger's new Cleansing Gel comes in three different formulae: D for dry, O for oily skin, as well as N for normal. All three are light, clear, fragrant, and efficacious. After its cleansing tasks are done, a layer of this gel (in the appropriate version) can be left on the skin to act as a base for foundation. In a four-ounce jar, it is $3.75.... Of all the gel news, the most dramatic probably concerns Redeema Gelée, a treatment gel which is new to this country, though it has been widely sold and used, under another name, in Europe, Latin America, Canada, and Japan. Backed by a respected chemical laboratory, it has been the subject of careful research both here and abroad (using, among other things, a Nobel-prize-winning apparatus for measuring respiration and cell activity in living tissue). What Redeema sets out to do is remove, or at least improve, lines and wrinkles in the face and neck caused by dryness, ageing, or both; to restore, or help restore, the fresh, unlined look of young skin. Evidence thus far collected shows a notable degree of success—over 80% of cases have shown an improvement, sometimes dramatic. The gelée is light, clear, greaseless and water-soluble, and contains no hormones. What it does contain, in part, is a special extract, with enzymes, amino acids, vitamins, and other life-giving ingredients; what the gel form seems to have solved is the problem of getting these ingredients to the area where they're needed. Using Redeema every night for two weeks, say the makers, should result in a see-able improvement in the way your face looks: it should look noticeably firmer, fresher, smoother. After that, twice-a-week applications will hold the line. A one-ounce tube is $5, a two-ounce tube $8.50; one ounce is more than enough for the first fourteen days. By Maradel.

...More news from Europe: the off-colours, strange and enchanting, from France and Italy. From France come Guitare lip pencils, which are wooden and look exactly like a child's coloured pencil—until you look at the colours, never seen in any child's colouring-box. A muted orangy-coral called Electrode and a silvery greyish-pink called Rose Venitien are two of the most delicious. These pencils make a very clean, precise outline that lasts, and can be filled in with lipstick that matches, or doesn't.... From Italy come Misslyn nail-polishes, in a vast array of colours, some marvellously "off." All go by numbers: No. 20 is a pale smoky-pink, No. 79 a mauvey grey, No. 78 a curious bleached coral, and so on. Then, in the same colour gamut, there's a whole range of pearly lacquers. What's fun is to have a single coat of the pearly (Continued on page 155)



THE BRASSIÈRE WITH THE DISAPPEARING BACK



LOUIS FAURER



The backline that takes a plunge takes to a brassière that goes along with it. Three brassières, two low-backed, one backless, are here to handle any degree of décolletage. *Far left:* To wear under a fitted evening dress that has décolletage in front as well as at the back, a long-line brassière of black lace over pink. Bordering at front, a sheer rim that turns down to a lower neckline; Talon zipper fastening. By Lady Marlene, made with Lycra and Du Pont nylon. About $11. At Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's; Frost Bros. *Near left:* White all-in-one with no back at all, smooths and elongates the hipline—good for wearing under A-shaped skirts. By Jantzen, made with Lycra and nylon lace, lightly boned; hooks at the back; satin shoulder straps. About $13. At Altman's; Hudson's. *Above:* The backline is wide and low in a lightly boned black brassière. By Bali, made with Lycra, lace of Du Pont nylon. About $11. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Miami.



THE BRASSIERE FOR THE WIDEAWAY NECKLINE

These brassières: to wear with an alluring new evening neckline—deep and wideaway. *Left:* Long, lacy white brassière, scalloped (its owner and the owner of the strapped red wool on page 97 might be—ought to be—one and the same). By Cheers, made with Lycra and Du Pont nylon; about $9. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros. *Right:* Plunge of black to wear with a neckline of equal depth. This brassière, of lightly stiffened nylon tricot. By Maidenform; $4. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila. *Below, left:* Wideaway straps, long lines, for a bare, close-bodiced dress. By Surprise; black Ban-Lon lace over pink nylon with Lycra. About $11. Altman's; Bullock's-Wilshire. *Below, right:* For bare, clingy crêpes; a natural. Wide-set straps; white Ban-Lon lace, elasticized rayon and cotton. By Accentuette. $9. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.







LOUIS FAURER

THE YOUNG SKIERS

Observed on the ski run: some of the most wizard skiing is done by the children . . . four-, five-, six-and-on-year-olds who streak by with perfect form, dressed to the snow goggles in proper ski clothes. Which means something definitely other than snowsuit; means hoods fixed permanently against the wind; dashing dark stretch pants (black's the classic; is to ski pants what white is to tennis). As for jackets: windproofery and lightness are musts, and to do the job these days is nylon fabric with an important message from the interior: a fluffy Kodel fibre-fill. *Left to right:* Quilted white parka, reversible to blue; black stretch pants. Sizes 3-6X. Parka and pants, about $25. Centre, black pants with a white-panelled black parka that reverses to a black and white snowflake pattern, has zipper pockets. Sizes 7-14. Parka, about $23; pants, about $9. *Far right,* quilted Loden green reversible parka (other side the same colour, unquilted); stretch pants. Sizes 3-7. About $25. Ski suits by Tidykins. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Frederick & Nelson. Italian ski goggles by Beconta, boots, mittens, skis, poles: Saks Fifth Avenue.



DAN BUDNIK



Who buys what in Paris– Mrs. Frederick Eberstadt's Givenchy choices



In the Tuileries



At the Place de la Concorde



At Givenchy



A Paris street market



At the Tower of Notre Dame

The pretty young American-in-Paris shown here is the wife of the photographer, Frederick Eberstadt, who took the pictures on these pages; the daughter of Ogden Nash; the mother of two small children; the author of three children's books, and a light novel which her husband has described as "being about the Caribbean—where she's never been." A tall, slender brunette, with hazel eyes, and a sassy nose, Mrs. Eberstadt is gifted with the fashion equivalent of perfect pitch. In her clothes-life, she is avant without being far-out; firm without being inflexible (though she's fondest of black, white, grey, she's perfectly open-minded about new colours—q.v., the cinnamon coat far left, and is refreshingly articulate about what she likes and what she doesn't. She feels that bracelets and necklaces are cluttering; prefers earrings, pins, big rings—one of her favourites is a network of white and yellow diamonds, with a great chunk of jade in the middle. There is something of the TV dinner, she thinks, in the look of fashion that's planned to the very detail, and women who are drawn to it, she's convinced, must be "nervous, unhappy, and unsure of their taste." She is completely sure of her own—which is for clothes that are simple, worldly, long-lined, easy, and efficient. This year—for those reasons—she bought the following Givenchys. *Opposite page:* far left, in the Tuileries with her daughter, Fernanda, Mrs. Eberstadt wears one of the great Givenchy coat-successes in cinnamon wool, ingeniously cut and seamed to look much narrower than it actually is. Which is why, in spite of some misgivings about the colour, Mrs. Eberstadt chose it; although she likes narrow clothes, she expects them to move freely—particularly a coat that, for her, will be a walking-around-the-city, taking-the-children-to-the-park coat. Near left, here, a close-up of *(Continued on page 158)*

FREDERICK EBERSTADT



HORST

IN THE CITY: WHITE WITH A DIFFERENCE

White makes one of the universal fashion points this season, fresh, meticulous, commanding. Superb for travel, particularly in the marvellous dirt-immunized fabrics of the clothes on these pages. *Above:* The worldliest white coat, based on the offhand idea of a terry-cloth robe, worn here with a beige felt fedora; for a night transfiguration, see the coat over a bare black dress, the neckline filled with glitter. Coat by Monte-Sano & Pruzan, in Anglo fabric of wool and Orlon. Marvella earrings. Both earrings and coat are at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Hutzler's; Rich's; Harzfeld's. Emme hat. *Right:* White and Paisley, the suit jacket with new cardigan dimensions, a deeper neckline and three-quarter jacket; gold, black, and sumac-red blouse. Hat, white leather loaf crown, by Emme. Suit by Jablow, in Anglo fabric of wool and Orlon at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson.

SUSAN
GREENBURG WOOD

VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN LIVING

A WINTER'S-WORTH OF PARTIES

Cates is an old, old word for top-drawer food, delicacies, dainties. Cates are what the first caterers catered.

It is the faire acceptance, Sir, creates
The entertaynment perfect: not the cates.

Ben Jonson wrote this in a poem, "Inviting a Friend to Supper." On the premise that good hosts and hostesses need, in addition to the fair acceptance, a proper program for the presentation of those cates and what goes before and after them, the collection of this-winter party ideas here includes party systems of a number of entertaining people whose research and practice have polished their parties to a smooth, fresh glow.

Along early party lines would be a Sunday breakfast such as Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cullman give. Both Cullmans are immersed in matters of the theatre and they invite a medley of diplomats, writers, and theatrical friends who, on a week-day evening, are either working in or attending the theatre, or otherwise too busy to relax. Guests arriving at one o'clock find a buffet table at each end of the dining room laden with the best of breakfast cates. Orange juice, champagne, hot consommé—the latter waiting in a beautiful old Scottish coffee urn; corned beef hash and poached eggs, scrambled eggs, bacon and sausage as well as chicken livers in a Madeira sauce, several kinds of toast, hot croissants, home-made coffee cake, jams, marmalades, and jellies, cheeses and crackers. Guests sit at round tables for eight with Swiss-embroidered white organdie cloths over undercloths of bright yellow or deep red. The point of a Sunday high breakfast, in the winter, is that people can come on from church, or a lazy morning, with the newspapers for conversational fuel, and then after breakfast, go to an outdoor sport, a movie, or for a walk.

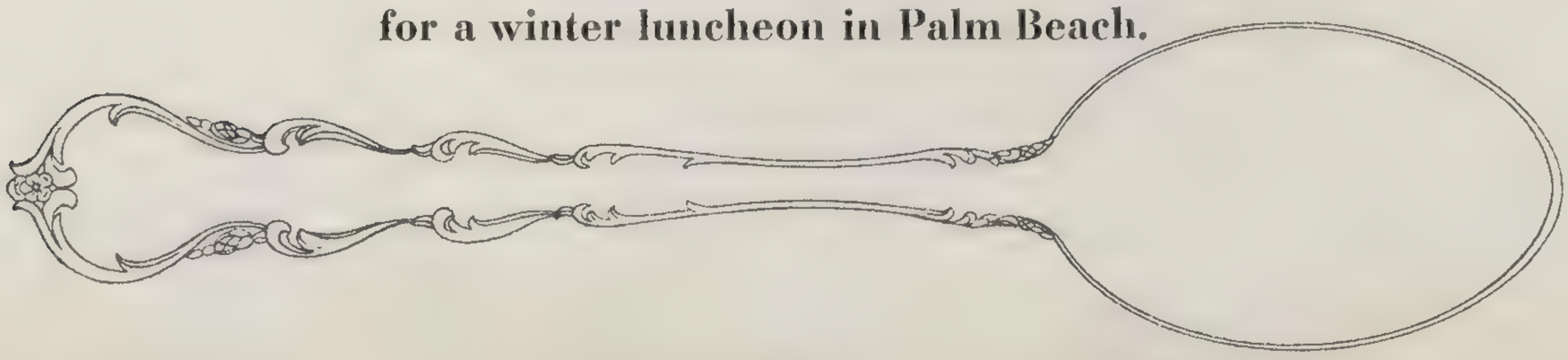
Saturday and Sunday luncheons need a minimum staff, uncomplicated food. Such a luncheon menu might start with curried crab-meat soup, go on to an entrée assortment of cold meats, a green salad, a hot fruit dessert with macaroons. Mrs. Albert Lasker and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brooks are among the New Yorkers whose Sunday luncheons are a delight. Before luncheon, in the dining room, they serve drinks and hors d'œuvres.

Especially on winter weekends, afternoon tea is having a revival. *(Continued on page 151)*

The sun-sprayed table, *opposite*, gains much of its country garden bloom from straw, real and far-from. The unreal straw, A. Gnoli pottery, comes in plates, tumblers, gravy boat, breadbasket; at Leigh Hammond. Even the tablecloth, a print by Fede Cheti of Milan, simulates straw; Denning & Fourcade.* Linen napkins, from Porthault. The real straw: a country basket of unreal field flowers, by Helen Cole. The sterling silver, intricately graceful "Angelique" by International, at Macy's.

*THROUGH DECORATORS

A table the colour of summer,
set by a straw collector
for a winter luncheon in Palm Beach.



KAREN RADKAI

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Tea-timing is elastic, and many hostesses make it a regular winter ritual to be at home for tea from four o'clock to six o'clock on Sunday. A tea might offer variety in the different blends on the tea table—Jasmine, Lapsang Suchong, Darjeeling, China; hot chocolate with bowls of whipped cream along with it. Some hostesses, Mrs. Leland Hayward is one, have drinks on hand as well. The food would include small sandwiches of chicken, ham, tomato-and-egg, watercress; hot buttered crumpets served with pots of strawberry jam and bitter marmalade; thin slices of rich pound cake and dark fruit cake with rum.

On one side or the other of theatre time comes some of the most stimulating entertaining. Miss Jean Howard, a literary consultant for movie and theatrical producers, is a before-the-theatre party giver. Her quick, efficient small dinners are served buffet in her living room, *right.* The covered silver *réchaud* often encloses Chicken Marengo, sautéed in oil with tomatoes, mushrooms, green olives, white wine. Old crystal decanters hold red and white wine. The gold and yellow printed table skirt shown here is from Miss Howard's collection of Porthault cloths. On the cloth, Baccarat glasses and Gorham's new "Esprit" sterling silver, this at Altman's. *(Continued)*



JOHN STEWART

Miss Jean Howard's round table, set before right-angled-banquettes for a pre-theatre buffet.



JOHN STEWART

**Mr. Vincent Fourcade's round table,
a collection of
crystal candlesticks beside it
to light an after-theatre supper.**

Mr. Vincent Fourcade, the interior designer, prefers the *after*-theatre party. The guests can eat at leisure the wonderful food he has cooked himself in the morning. His menu often stars hot bœuf à la mode, made with Burgundy and bourbon, instead of brandy; a watercress salad tossed with lemon juice and oil; ripe Brie cheese and French bread (a Frenchman, which Mr. Fourcade is, never uses crackers with cheese); for a centrepiece, a decanter filled with red Burgundy to complement the wine in the stew.

His round table, shown *left*, covered to the floor with a superb blue-and-white monogrammed French damask cloth and napkins, is set up in the corner of his big living room. Mr. Fourcade displays his collection of English crystal candlesticks from Tiffany on a round tilt-top table beside the dining table. The goblets and tumblers are Tiffany crystal. The silver, Reed & Barton's "Francis First," from Georg Jensen.

The point of *Gourmet Cooking by the Clock*, a paperback by William and Chesbrough Rayner to be published by Signet in January, is how to produce a number of ordinarily long-in-the-making dishes fast and simultaneously. Sometimes the staging for the product of Mr. and Mrs. Rayner's research is the Italian marble table, *right* *(Continued on page 156)*



The William Rayners' round table, a collection of Creil faïence, an Italian chandelier to light a black-tie dinner.

TAHITI: FRENCH, WITH GOOD HOTELS, GOLF, NO STRAIN

Tahiti is what the travel folders say it is, plus good French food and good hotels—at least ten—in addition to a new golf club. (Tahitians don't like to carry golf clubs.) The Tahitians give their country its special nap; they are comfortable to be with, their voices slow, their French uncomplicated and easy to understand. The place is relaxed, shoeless, and smells of flowers. The Ritz Bar of Papeete is the waterfront Café Vaima; everything is either in front of it or behind it or three blocks away. Every morning at nine, the new motor launch, "Rotui," sails across the rough channel to Moorea, that ravishing island some ten miles away. New, the charter yacht "Maylis," $225 for each person for one week. Guests in Tahitian hotels live in cool, thatched-roof bamboo cottages which come with screened porches, good plumbing. The service is all-girl. Maids, waitresses, and barmaids wearing *pareus,* the Tahitian cotton sarong, and a flower, serve not necessarily with speed, but with gentleness. They might stop to smoke a cigarette with a guest—independently choosing one from their own pack—keep a comfortable silence. New on the West coast, the side of the island facing Moorea with its mousse of white beaches and sheet-smooth waters, is the swimming off the pier at the Tahiti Hotel; new, too, the hotel's pond with sea turtles the size of office desks. In a classic colonnade of palms in the valley stands the Hotel Matavai's small but not expensive bungalows, circling a pool; on Sunday afternoons at three, everybody comes for the local dancing and music. At the new Hotel Tahiti Village, its bungalows luxe with refrigerators and kitchenettes, the dining room is almost on the beach. (Four times a day, buses go the twenty-five minutes to town.) On the East and wilder coast with its glistening black sand, glossy as fresh Beluga caviar, are the excellent cottages of the new Hotel Taaone. With the new plane service, the island Bora Bora is only an hour away. No strain there. Under palms, the cottages of the Hotel Bora Bora stand on a white, glorious beach. On these islands, room rates for one person, $7 to $23. In French Polynesia, no tips.

SAMOA: AMERICAN, STILL IN BLUEPRINT, INEXPENSIVE

Samoa is American and practically everything new there is still in blueprint except the new jet runway which exists but not yet for commercial use. In time this group of seven splintered islands and atolls will be a full-range resort—like Tahiti or Waikiki but now only the plans can be seen. Set between Fiji and Tahiti, Samoa retains the curious old-timey charm that fascinated Somerset Maugham, who put Sadie Thompson down in Pago Pago, the capital of the island Tutuila. (All Maugham buffs know that the capital is pronounced Pango Pango.) Early in 1963 there will be a new hotel, its cottages completely air-conditioned. These cottages are built like round native huts with thatched pointed roofs. Although the older women still wear the lava lava skirts brought in by the missionaries, the young prefer shorts. One of the attractive points about Samoa is the succession of lovely ceremonies, especially the troupes of ceremonial dancers doing the slap and sword dances. The famous hotel is Pago Pago's, The Rainmaker, old, western; the price for rooms for two with meals, only $12; and two dollars more, with bath.

POLYNESIAN + THREE ISLANDS,

one with a French touch, one with American, another with English.

FIJI: BRITISH, TIDY; COSY BEACH LIFE, YACHTS FOR CRUISING

In Fiji, a British Crown Colony, almost everyone—Fijians, Indians, and Chinese—speaks English with a soft British accent. Everything is tidy and British; the currency, Fijian sterling pounds. Signs are in English, Fijian, and Hindustani. At Suva, the capital city on Viti Levu, the biggest of the three hundred islands, uniformed guards in red stand outside the elaborate gates of Government House. The tower chimes in the government buildings sound like Big Ben. New in Suva's Grand Pacific Hotel (called the G.P.H.), a swimming pool, an air-conditioned wing with balconied rooms looking to the harbour over an English garden furiously blooming with untamable flowers. In the dining room, skirted Indian waiters slide noiselessly, serve mainly English food. (On the tables, tightly rolled in rings, are huge white napkins.) Midway between Suva and Nadi, which is Fiji's international airport and is pronounced "Nandi," is the cosy beach life of the Korolevu Hotel, resembling a Fijian village of thatched huts spread along a superb crescent beach. Pouring early-morning tea in a pavilion, a Fijian maid with a red hibiscus stuck in a natural beehive coiffure. The newest addition to the fleet of yachts organized for cruises to the other Fijian islands is the "Stardust," a 112-foot diesel boat with a top speed of twelve knots. The "Stardust" sails from Nadi Bay every Wednesday and Sunday on a three-day cruise; fares for each of two persons sharing a cabin, $75. Cruises stop at pool-still coves for swimmers, stop at unpeopled islands for shell collectors and fishermen, and stop in the evening at islands where Fijians come aboard to sing.

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THE BEAUTY WORD

(Continued from page 137)

polish over a base of the regular polish in the same colour. Both kinds of Misslyn polish are famous for their staying power. . . . More pearly gleams: new pearly foundations, powders, and eye shadows, for evening—not recommended for daytime, but powerfully glamourous and effective after six. One of these charmers is Jon Pierre's Champagne Pearl Overshadow, a pale rose-beige eye shadow with a pearly look when it catches the light. It's to be applied just below the eyebrow, starting under the arch of the brow and continuing outward. . . . The pearly, luminous look also appears in a whole group of cosmetics which are clearly labelled "for evening only": Estée Lauder's new Evening Make-Up Collection. Everything in this group—from the liquid foundation to the finishing touch of rouge—is based on an intensive re-studying, which was long overdue, of the entire problem of evening lighting—and its demands on makeup. (Who hasn't glimpsed herself suddenly, in a restaurant or night-club mirror, looking absolutely Drained?) And everything in it works beautifully with everything else. Besides the foundation and rouge already mentioned, there is cream rouge, powder (both loose, in a box, and pressed, in a compact), eye liner, eye shadow, and lipstick. The foundation and powder come in four shades; the rouges in three; the eye shadow in four; the lipstick in six. All have the newly enchanting, light-catching look of iridescence, of pearliness. . . . For evening *or* daytime, Lilly Daché's excellent Hair Styling Mist—the same mist used in the famous Daché salon—is now buyable in two handy refillable containers: a boudoir size at $5, and a slender, two-inch-long purse size at $2. Both are handsomely encased in metallic cylinders resembling gold or silver. . . . Meanwhile, back in France: When the great house of Dior decided to add nail polish to its *luxe* list of products, it moved with calm deliberation—Dior experts studied every aspect of nail polish and its manufacture for three years. Now, the results have appeared: eighteen new shades of nail polish, eight of them frosted or pearly. (Here again, the look of one pearly coat over a solid coat in the same colour is marvellous.) All the colours are bottled with typical Dior elegance, in a chunky bottle with a bevelled top that won't roll when it's put down; the top itself is flat, so the bottle can be stood on its head if the polish shows any sign of separating. The bottles holding the frosted colours—which range from pearly silver to silvery apricot—also contain two tiny steel balls, which keep the polish homogenized when the bottle is shaken briskly. . . . Another great house, that of Chanel, has added a new Oil for the Bath to its famous No. 5 group. A capful of this will smooth and soften skin, besides making the bath—and the air around—smell especially delicious. Women who prefer showers (those crazy girls) can anoint themselves with the bath oil ahead of time. In any case, the devotees of Chanel No. 5, a small army, needn't be without the scent at any moment of the day or night: there's the perfume itself, eau de cologne, bath powder, soap, and now, Oil for the Bath. A three-ounce bottle is $5. . . . Beauty word from the track (RR variety): A new venture in railroading is the Charles of the Ritz Parlour Car, to be stationed in the Biltmore Hotel, right next to Grand Central, from October 15 on. An exact copy of an elegantly-appointed Edwardian parlour car, it is immobile (no wheels), but its mission is to offer quick-beauty-pickups and other morale-lifting services to women who *are* on the move—country-dwellers in town for a day's shopping and, perhaps, an evening at the theatre; or any woman who finds herself whizzing from one engagement to another with no time to go home and freshen up in between. In the Parlour Car's plushy interior, a woman can have a facial and/or a complete make-up, or can re-do her own make-up with Charles of the Ritz cosmetics at hand; can have a manicure or pedicure; can have her hair cut or combed (no shampoos or sets). Or, she can check her packages, leave a message, change her clothes, meet someone, have a cup of tea or coffee, or simply catch her breath. The Parlour Car will be open weekdays from 10:30 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.—and any woman who isn't pulled together for the evening by that time probably never will be. No appointment is needed to board the Parlour Car, but if you want to be sure of having a manicure (say) at a definite time, it's probably a good idea to telephone ahead: TN 7-8640. . . .

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The difference between eating and dining is

CHERRY HEERING

DENMARK'S LIQUEUR DELIGHT SINCE 1818

A WINTER'S-WORTH OF PARTIES

(Continued from page 153)

with, for seating, yellow velvet banquettes with blue velvet and white satin cushions, in a corner lined with French eighteenth-century grisaille panels. Mrs. Rayner collects old Creil faïence. The black and white dinner plates here are the first modern Creil. Mottahedeh. The silver, Towle's new "Legato," at Bloomingdale's.

The Rayners' black-tie dinner system means drinks at seven-forty-five, dinner an hour later for six or eight people. (Mrs. Rayner's rule-of-thumb on serving help is one waitress for six people, two for eight.) With drinks in front of the living-room fire, they have hot hors d'œuvres: "rat" cheese and chutney on heated Triscuits, hot chicken liver wrapped in bacon. For the first course of a winter dinner, Mrs. Rayner likes a clear, beef soup—a brew of broth, cinnamon sticks, cloves, and red wine that she puts together the night before. With this the entrée might be a rack of lamb with hot mint sauce mixed with currant jelly; Belgian carrots braised with butter and brown sugar; pan-roasted baby potatoes; a salad of Bibb lettuce and endives, with chopped egg; assorted cheeses. The wine, a red Bordeaux. For dessert, Mrs. Rayner makes a meringue soufflé with strawberries and presents with it a bowl of whipped cream, thin pieces of white cake, champagne.

Mrs. Gary Cooper and her daughter, Maria, live now in a New York apartment to which Mrs. Cooper has given the open, airy, terraced look of a country house. Ten is the number of guests Mrs. Cooper most often has at dinner parties, to arrive at eight o'clock, dine around nine. Usually a musical friend, Peter Duchin for instance, or Jule Styne, will play the grand piano. With drinks, in the drawing room or the library, Mrs. Cooper will produce toasted rounds of Beluga caviar with sieved egg garnish; artichoke leaves cloaking a shrimp in mustard mayonnaise. Dinner will start with Celery Victor, cold poached celery with vinaigrette sauce. Roast squabs, stuffed with bread and basted with currant jelly for the entrée, accompanied by small pan-browned potatoes, a carrot soufflé ring (this filled with green peas and surrounded with cauliflower), a spinach salad with hot bacon dressing. For dessert: crème brûlée, coffee and liqueurs on the terrace or in the drawing room. With the squabs, Mrs. Cooper serves for wine Chambolle-Musigny, 1949; with the dessert, Charles Heidsieck Champagne.

The tentacled charms of card parties can reach in many directions. The Benjamin Kittredges, whose game is bridge, arrange their bridge evenings in their New York apartment and their South Carolina plantation for a nice balance of good fun, good timing, good food.

Mrs. Kittredge said: "Seven is a good time to start playing, seven sharp. The guests know dinner will be announced at eight, and they go in at the end of the hand they are playing after noting who deals next. They do what they like about cocktails. If they like to drink for an hour, they can start drinking on arrival. One-drink people have their cocktail just before dinner, or sooner—it's up to them. It is best when guests serve themselves from a grog tray, as this eliminates service, which can be distracting. Cocktail food, on the other hand, must be passed, but covered dishes can and should be left at hand rather than repassed and repassed. For heavy eaters, cocktail food can represent the first of four courses —the other three being served at table. The food must be neat; food that can be served on sticks is best—cheese puffs, little sausages, squares of cheese threaded with tiny onions. Olives with pits are to drive one mad."

After substantial hors d'œuvres, Mrs. Kittredge likes to start dinner with a hot soup—borscht, marmite, minestrone, mulligatawny. "Since the cook has the guests captive and there is no question of anyone being late, serve meat that takes perfect timing. Minute steak is good, or Tournedos, or Vienna Schnitzel. Broiled tomatoes and string beans and potato balls, lightly roasted, are good with minute steak." For dessert, Mrs. Kittredge suggested a sweet which, like the meat course, takes perfect timing—an apricot soufflé with apricot sauce, an almond soufflé with wine sauce, cookies with either.

"There is not much point of serving sandwiches and milk and hard-boiled eggs late as this sort of bridge evening is planned for people who do not *want* to

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play very late. I refer particularly to men who must be at their offices early," Mrs. Kittredge said.

A small dance at home, well-plotted, is one of the most gala and flattering ways of entertaining a sizable number of guests. For such a party, one must be quite ruthless about moving out furniture and storing it temporarily in another part of the house. Prerequisites include not only room to dance, but small tables and chairs strategically situated for dining and sitting-out dances. Eleven o'clock is an astute arrival hour, allowing guests to come on after dinner parties or the theatre. The dance might even be specifically planned to follow a benefit play or concert.

Records, scientifically stacked beforehand with a good range of dances, can provide the music. The popularity of Le Club in New York, and other *discothèques* here and in Europe where dance music comes from a stereo machine, suggests that recorded music is a real-boss idea for young dances.

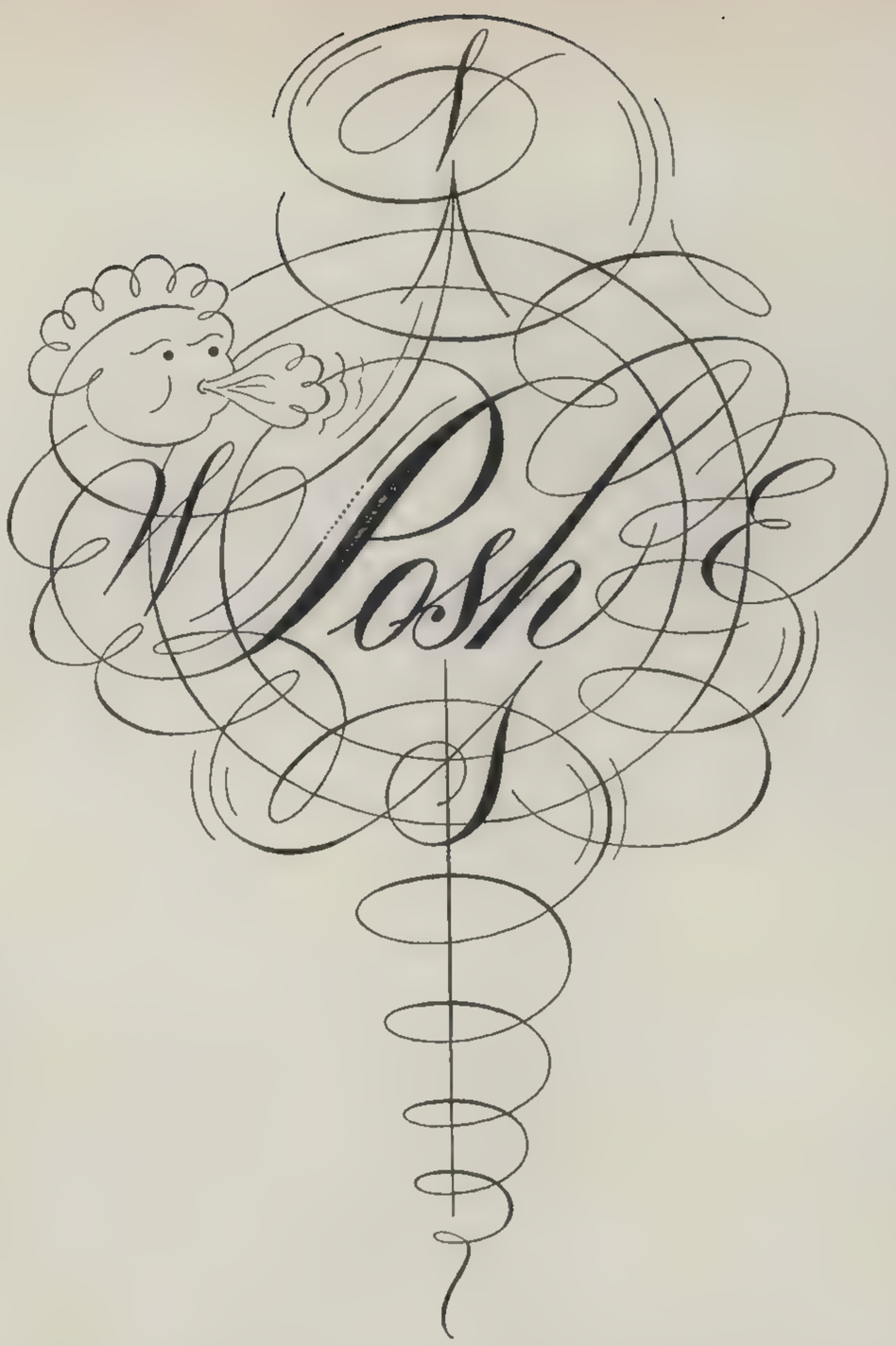
Midnight supper might stress a hot soup and a casserole, plus breakfasty foods—ham, scrambled eggs, sausage, coffee, milk—the serving dishes to be refilled the moment they run low. The point is masses of food, ready and noticeably hot.

Should one want to be an especially constructive hostess, she might plan an early-evening dancing party revolving around a dancing lesson, the dancers invited at five o'clock to dance until seven, under the tutelage of a teacher or two who would instruct in new steps or polish the traditional ones. For music, records will do here, too. A dinner to follow such exercise should be slightly spectacular. A blend of turtle and beef bouillon, jostled with Madeira, for the first course. Pheasant pie—breasts of pheasant in champagne sauce topped with semi-puff pastry—would hearten the students, as would certain accompaniments such as braised endives; clover-leaf rolls; raspberry ice with spun sugar and coconut cake for dessert; a wine like Puligny-Montrachet.

The Lowell Weickers, whose parties at their houses in Long Island and France are famous, give one of their favourite ones, a Christmas dance, in their terraced New York city apartment, high up, overlooking Central Park and the New York skyline. Forty-eight people are invited at eight for drinks in rooms that glitter with holiday spirit. A white frosted Christmas tree, touching the ceiling in the red-white-and-gold library, wears velvet bows and Christmas balls that pick up the red of the velvet chairs, the velvet sofa cushions. Another tree, outside the drawing room, is placed on the terrace so that the lights shine into the room. There are trees, too, in the white and gold dining room, where round tables are skirted with different coloured organdie cloths and each is decorated in the same colour as the cloth. On the tables, a present, wrapped in table colours, awaits each of the women guests, along with a red carnation, which, on a signal from the hostess, the lady will present to the man on her right.

A waltz group—piano, violin, and 'cello—plays softly as guests arrive. Dinner is announced at nine. The first course is usually cold to give Mrs. Weicker's wonderful Hungarian cook a few last minutes to perfect the presentation of the main course. The first course might be aspic of fillets of sole and lobster, a cold lobster sauce with lots of brandy, in a ring filled with Russian salad; hot buttered rolls and white Burgundy wine, Meursault Charmes, 1952. Then baked ham and raisin sauce will be passed on a platter with hot stuffed prunes, spinach timbales, sweet potato duchesse; the wine with this red Bordeaux, Château Margaux, 1955. For the salad, endives, lettuce, hearts of palm, French dressing. On the cheese trays, Camembert, Reblochon, Gourmandise. Steamed fig pudding arrives flaming at dessert time, with brandy and Grand Marnier hard sauce, ice cream, and champagne, Pommery, 1953.

All the dinner things are then cleared, and a buffet of light foods is set in the dining room for guests who come in later, sometimes after other dinner parties or the theatre. A jazz band comes, too—four pieces including a wandering accordionist, who finds this evening ends, as thoughtful pre-Christmas parties should, no later than one o'clock.



POSH . . . is the word for something special. Emeralds perhaps. Delicately-etched glass. Or any gift with éclat. ⇜ *Posh* dates from the petticoats and pretty graces of Queen Victoria's England. The handsome brigadier, off to the Colonies, had his steamer ticket stamped P.O.S.H.—"Port Out, Starboard Home"—the stylish (and cooler) side of the ship. Today, the word still denotes an aura of smartness. So important when choosing a couturier. Or a jeweler. ⇜ Discriminating shoppers have long recognized membership in the American Gem Society as the exclusive mark of the professional jeweler. For only those who possess gemological skills and the highest business standards may join this select group. ⇜ Since 1934, the smart, the safe—the *posh* way of purchasing fine jewelry has been to consult a distinguished member of the American Gem Society.

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WHO BUYS WHAT IN PARIS—

(Continued from page 145)

Mrs. Eberstadt's very first Paris buy this season—a new coiffure, built up with a postiche. (Apart from its becomingness; she considers it as right with the new Paris shapes as a perfect hat.) This, by Carita—always Mrs. Eberstadt's first stop in Paris. Top of page 145, in the Place de la Concorde, Mrs. Eberstadt's favourite short evening look at Givenchy—a black cape shaped, she says, "exactly like an Arp egg," fastened with a satin drawstring, and embroidered all over with stiffened lace flowers. With it is a slim, bare dress of black cloqué. Just below this, a fitted black silk cloqué dress buttoned to a deep V at the back, covered at front. This is the kind of look Mrs. Eberstadt dines out in year after year, because " I like the way a covered-up dress looks above a restaurant table; too much bareness is awful." (The mirrors here are in a Givenchy fitting-room.) Next down on page 145, in one of the numberless street markets of Paris, a checked suit in ochre-and-black wool, lightly fitted. Mrs. Eberstadt chose it for its colour, for its long line of jacket (*not* the rule at Givenchy this year), and tried for days to persuade Givenchy to substitute upholstered buttons for the metal ones, which she considered "somewhat eccentric." Givenchy held out stubbornly for the metal, and by and large, she's glad that he did.

Finally on page 145, at the Tower of Notre Dame, the Givenchy dress that Mrs. Eberstadt proposes to live in this winter. Pale, greyed blue wool—some gathers, a tie, and the famous Givenchy seaming. Among Mrs. Eberstadt's city plans for this: various shades of brown leather. In the country, she'll wear it with what she calls her "enlightened space shoes"—which are, in fact, extremely handsome Italian suède moccasins on ridged rubber soles, and which she owns in half-a-dozen colours.

GREAT TRAVELLERS

(Continued from page 126)

warm is what it's not wherever you're going. Not to be rejected: brown suéde, black or brown leather. *Geography:* Any European city in the winter; most of the British Isles unless it's mid-summer. Definitely for the Irish Cesarewitch Handicap, November 3, the Beresford Stakes at Curragh in County Kildare. Fine for Greece, in Athens, at Delphi.

A WHITE MACINTOSH. This is the sort of look that makes foggy days grist for the pop songwriters. Not too easy to come by, but worth any effort.... Otherwise buy a shiny black slicker, easy to find now at almost any price. *Geography:* In Belgium *la drache* (a maritime drizzle) goes on pretty much all the time. It also rains in Paris. In Italy, rain or shine—say, at the automobile show in Turin (early November)—either the Mac or the slicker would look very speedy.

SKIRTANDSWEATER. An unbeatable plane traveller that can be organized to move from cold countries to hot. One good plot: tweed skirt, Italian pullover of navy-blue cotton, wool cardigan, silk scarf. *Geography:* Leave Chicago, New York; or Denver wearing little lizard suit-shoes; take sandals if you plan to land in jungly tropics—say, at Pointe à Pitre, Guadeloupe, Fort-de-France, Martinique, Papeete, Tahiti; American Samoa, Honolulu.

SCARF COLLECTION. Big silk squares in solid colours, white, black. One chiffon scarf any shape you like; the rectangular kind wraps nicely. A leather kerchief in clear red or green. *Geography:* Maybe not Antarctica, but then there aren't any commercial flights there. Otherwise, everywhere.

LIZARD WINDBREAK-JACKET. For sheer dash, there's nothing like it. And the skirt from that white tweed suit will prove more than compatible; sensational at night with black satin gloves, black silk slippers. *Geography:* Dine in Sydney, Australia, at *The Caprice* overlooking Rose Bay. In Taipei, Taiwan, the Chinese dining room at the Golden Dragon. In Los Angeles at Perino's. In San Francisco at Ernie's, and very good, the Fairmont addition—with its glass elevator visible from the Bay Bridge; revolving roof-bar. In Lausanne, *La Grappe d'Or—famous for l'anguille au vert.*

WIG. This is the real coiffure insurance; women pined for it for years. Obviously, a whole wig works like a dream, but if you're blessed with ingenuity in the coiffure-rescue department, you might consider a half-wig or a chignon. And if you just won't listen to reason, at least have a wig hat of coq feathers or ostrich plumes. *Geography:* Could be anywhere, but locales where a wig is most soul-soothing are the hot, humid countries—India, Pakistan and Senegal, Singapore; in Suva, Fiji, for formal dinners at Government House. Wig security will help, too, in the great coastal capitals of South America: Lima, Rio, Buenos Aires, Santiago.

(Continued from page 121)

always falling silent.

The North-South differences are as interesting, perhaps, as those between Orient and Occident, and Mykonos is one of the world's best spots to watch them in. The Northerners wander blissfully on the waterfront—sun-battered, with burned and drawn faces, and bleached and stringy hair. The Greeks smile cordially . . . but keep within the shade.

When Stendhal's Memoirs of a Tourist *was first published in France in 1838, the author was identified not by name but only as "the author of* The Red and the Black"*—hardly a recommendation, as Allan Seager observed in the introduction to his fine new translation, "to a public who had ignored the novel." Although Stendhal wrote* Memoirs of a Tourist *in the hope that it would pay off his extensive bills ("A man fifty-four years old who in his heart does not really believe he is too old to fall in love needs all the help a tailor can give him"), the book was reviewed at first meagerly, then badly. The French thought Stendhal had maligned them. Published now by the Northwestern University Press, the* Memoirs *are, nonetheless, an enchanting record of France, a guide not only to its monuments but to its people. Below, an entry dated: "1837, Marseilles."*

As is not unusual in the Midi, I had a wonderful dinner at Toulon, which I ate heartily in the hope of going to sleep on the way back. I was wakened two leagues from Marseilles by a soft rain which is a blessing to the poor plants of Provence. They arouse a real pity in me.

From the Rhône to the Var, there are only arid little hills to be seen covered with wild thyme. There is your real Provence. In the low places between the hills where a little moisture collects when it rains, you find some cultivation. Everything else the sun has burned up. Ask at some house for a little water, and they offer you wine. Water is brought from a league away and then only at mealtimes. At the moment there is none at all.

The chief merit of Algiers is letting us see our soldiers' heads cut off, but it has the secondary advantage of enriching Marseilles. For this reason, they are less jealous of Paris there than in Bordeaux. Also the great passion of the Bordelais is to get us to abandon Africa. If France could find a man comparable to Marshal Davoust, she ought to send him to Algiers for six years with a free hand, but if neither a Davoust nor a St. Cyr nor a Daru, the French colonizer will never do anything that is worth anything. Bold, imprudent, swept away by a moment of folly and the desire to play a part, a Frenchman will use up all his forces in a single day. The next day we lose heart. It is quite the opposite with the American. He would have already in the last seven years obtained some results in Algiers and done it coldly and reasonably. If it were impartial, it would be a curious story that an intelligent Englishman could write, M. Campbell for instance. His sole aim would be to have made one step in the knowledge of the human heart. We would see there the details of all the deeds of courage and folly, all the puerilities which the French have shown to the world since the court of Charles X had the whim of taking Algiers.

A book so calmly beautiful that it acts upon the nerves somewhat faster than Librium, Columbus in the New World *by Bradley Smith retraces Columbus's four voyages into the Caribbean, the first made in 1492, the last in 1504. What makes this Doubleday book special is its colour photographs: all of a country that looks now almost exactly as it looked when Columbus first saw it: the cool caves of Tortuga; the white vein of waterfall, visible from the sea, on Guadeloupe; the shadowy tangles of mangrove along the wild coasts; the brilliant fish in the clear Bahamian water; all the stuff of which one's winter dreams are made. Here, a description of that fated moment, Columbus's first landfall.*

As he strained his eyes against the black swells, he saw a dim light flickering out of the dark. It was, he said, "like a candle moving up and down," but it was the first real sign of land after thirty-three dangerous days at sea. The time was ten P.M. on October 11, 1492. Anticipating land (and subsequent landfalls proved him to be almost psychic), he spent most, if not all, of that historic night keeping his own sharp watch. During the past two days there had been many signs of land: a fresh branch still green from tree or bush, a carved stick, the sounds of many birds across the sky. At least two false landfalls had been reported. After seeing the light, Columbus called to his shipmate Pedro Gutiérrez, the King's butler, who agreed that he, too, could see a light. Then Columbus called to Rodrigo Sánchez, the Crown Treasurer, to look, but he, according to Columbus's journal, "saw nothing because he was not in a position on the ship where he could see it."

Now came a long and disappointing wait, for the land indicated by the light was not revealed. The three small crafts—the "Pinta" ahead, then Columbus's ship, the "Santa María," and finally the "Niña"—were pushed swiftly by the wind for four hours before the moon which had risen behind the ships illuminated the land on the western horizon. Then the lookout, high on the forecastle rigging of the "Pinta," shouted "*Tierra! Tierra!*" and a New World had been found.

Now Columbus the man, with his virtues and frailties, begins to emerge. Whether he was interested in the honour of having seen land first or in the annuity of 10,000 maravedís promised by the Crown, he claimed full credit for first sighting the landfall. A strong believer in religious miracles, if not a mystic, Columbus believed the light seen earlier in the night to be a sign from heaven. He must have seen some kind of light, for its presence was verified by a shipmate, yet no satisfactory explanation has ever been advanced as to what the light could have been. He could not have seen a fire on the shore of San Salvador, if we assume the calculations regarding the position of his vessel and its speed for the next four hours as written in his journal to be correct.

After the actual finding of land, Captain Martín Alonso Pinzón of the "Pinta" fired a lombard shot and waited for the "Santa María." As Columbus came alongside, he called out from his flagship, "Señor Alonso, we have discovered land." Pinzón replied, "My reward is not lost." Columbus shouted back to him, "I give you 5,000 maravedís as a gift." So it would seem that the first words exchanged upon the discovery of the New World concerned a monetary reward.



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(Continued from page 111)

me a chapter from *Les Malheurs de Sophie* or Dora's Dinner Party from *David Copperfield,* I was supposed to be quite cured.

Mother was busy at her desk every morning sending out "chits" for parties at our house or scribbling her answers to invitations in someone else's "chit book." Often these "chits" concerned me, as most of Mother's friends seemed to have children and the desire of the parents of all nationalities was to keep us constantly shuttling back and forth from house to house.

When I returned from school, the plan for the afternoon was given to me. The Japanese Legation, the French, the British, the Russian, the Danish, the Austrian, the Hungarian—Amah and I went to them all. I was supposed to be "making friends" and learning how to converse in all the different languages. But what it really boiled down to was something else. With the British children I would burn pictures in wood or hammer brass or do decalcomania, and then we would have "cambric tea" and bread-and-dripping. With the French I would play *Savez vous Plantez les Choux* or *Cache, Cache* and drink hot chocolate or white wine and water, and eat tiny éclairs. The Russians had tea and little hot-meat pies, the Japanese tea and deliciously sweet wafer-like cakes, and so it went.

Age seemed to make no difference; one day I was sent to play with a Japanese child of four and the next with a French girl of sixteen, who would not speak to me as she was engrossed in reading a fashion magazine from Paris. I remember this particular girl well because I was sent to her house about three times a winter and always got the same reception. "*Soyez gentille,*" pleaded her governess, but Sylvie, shrugging her shoulders, would give me a glance of pity mingled with contempt and would return to her reading. I hated her as she was not really a Grownup and so had no right to treat me as though I were nothing. . . .

One Christmas they put on a pantomime at the British Legation. I took part in it, supposedly as a poor little girl who wandered around in her nightie. (My nightie, made by Tailor for the occasion, was no poor child's nightie but quite spectacular, of the thinnest wool, all smocked and trimmed with real Valenciennes lace.) I was in my nightie because it was Christmas Eve and, alone in my garret, I was wringing my hands and weeping while looking at an empty stocking hung by the mantelpiece. While I wept, my face covered with my hands, a Good Fairy came tripping in, filled the stocking and then, dancing gaily over to me, tapped me with her silver wand. At this moment I was supposed to rise up in a joyous way, undo the buttons of my nightie and step out of it, revealing myself in a beautiful

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(Continued from page 160)

pale-blue silk dress, complete with pale-blue kid slippers. Anna, a matter-of-fact, down-to-earth girl, the daughter of the doctor attached to the British Legation, did her part as the Good Fairy valiantly. But I, stumbling to my feet with a "joyous smile" fixed on my face, could not undo the buttons. Finally, in desperation I tore them off and, as the nightie dropped to my ankles, my feet became entangled in it and I fell prone in front of Anna. She, with great aplomb, kept on determinedly hitting me with the wand until, just as the curtain fell, I rose unsteadily to my feet and blew a kiss to the audience instead of making a pirouette in front of Anna, which I was supposed to do.

This episode hurt Mother's pride terribly and she talked for weeks of how incredible it was that a Howard should have no sense of theatre or stage presence. "I am afraid that she is all Russell," she said gloomily to her friends. I knew what she meant. The Russells were a good, worthy, substantial lot, ever ready to answer the call of God and Country, but pretty dull at the dinner table. . . .

In spite of the fact that I was being rushed to visit the children of Mother's friends almost every afternoon and had the chance, as Mother said, to meet so many charming children, I really never cared very much for any of them. Everything was so highly organized, under the eyes of governesses and nannies, that there was no chance to find out what the other children were really like. Mother knew I did not enjoy my afternoons. It vexed her and she looked coldly at me one day as I reluctantly set forth to spend the afternoon with two girls, one five years older and the other three years younger.

"Why are you such a 'stick-in-the-mud'!" she exclaimed. "Good Heavens, this is a chance of a lifetime for you to really mix with these delightful, different nationalities. *I* should think you would appreciate it, instead of looking like a thundercloud. I suppose you would rather have that dreadful alley-cat Lola, here." . . .

Of course Mother was right. I *did* want to be with Lola. I knew that my friendship with her annoyed Mother almost beyond endurance and that Father was puzzled by it, but I simply would *not* give Lola up. She was my one real friend.

Lola was the daughter of an American missionary of Welsh descent. Her parents were not only missionaries (an anathema to my parents) but, worse still, they were "blue-stockings." (Mother said a blue-stocking was an intelligent bore.) They had married late in life and the mother had been a schoolteacher. Even I, doting on Lola as I did, could not hold much brief for them. They were a dried-up, dreary, messy-looking couple. Their house was filled with books of all descriptions and Lola discussed books and events with her family as though she were a Grownup and on an equal footing with them. She was nothing much to look at. She had a pasty face, lank black hair, and a rather furtive eye. . . . Nevertheless, the days when I was allowed to ask her over to play were red-letter days for me. . . .

We usually went to a corner of the Guard Compound, where a wall jutted out from the Legation Compound. It was a little bit out of the way and we were not apt to be disturbed. "Now," I would say impatiently when we arrived, "what are we going to play today?" Lola would shut her eyes and a look of intense concentration would come over her rat-like face. "Let me see." I would wait for her moment of inspiration and, suddenly, it would come. Lola would take a stick and start to draw in the sand. "This is the drawbridge," she would say. "It is grey wood and very old and has teeth of iron that slide down over the gate when it is pulled up. And here is the great hall, and here the tower where the maidens sit at their looms. And here is where the knights keep their armour, and high up here is the tower where the princess lives." As she drew the lines of the rooms with

(Continued on page 162)



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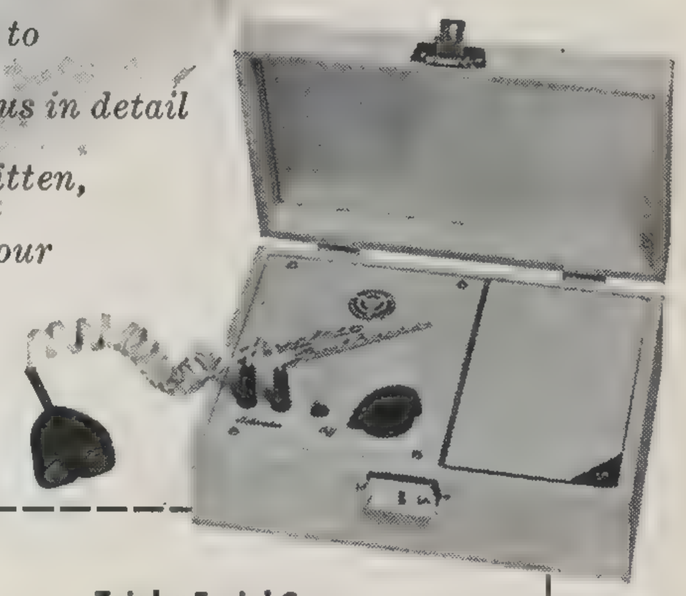
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"PATCHWORK CHILD"

(Continued from page 161)

her stick she described them in such detail that I could see them rising before my eyes. The banner-hung hall, the great rotating spit, the trestle table, the tankards of mead, the troubadours with their guitars, the maidens clad in their clinging white homespun garments, the pages kneeling on embroidered cushions, the old women bustling about with the keys to closets hanging at their waists—I saw them all. Finally, we reached the tower room where the princess sat looking out on the fair, green meadows and lazily winding river. "And who is the princess?" I would ask. "You are," Lola would answer. "You have long, golden hair down to your knees and deep blue eyes, and the fairest white skin with pink cheeks. And you have a chaplet of wild flowers on your head and a silver kirtle around your waist."

"A kirtle?" I asked, bewildered. "Belt," snapped Lola, annoyed at being interrupted.

"And who are you?" I demanded, already knowing the answer.

"A witch," said Lola, "a dreadful, terrible old witch with one tooth like a Chinese sword, eyes like burning coals, and long black snakes for hair and fingernails three feet long with a different poison in each nail." I shuddered and was almost afraid to raise my eyes, because I knew that Lola was turning herself into the witch that very moment. . . .

Even at that early age I found it more fun to be frightened than to be bored.

I had another friend who hardly knew of my existence. His name was Johnny Malone and he was a bugler in the United States Marines. He had curling black hair, blue eyes, long sweeping lashes, and rosy cheeks. When he stood up straight in the middle of the Compound, blowing out a call on his shining bugle, his white belt drawn snappily tight around his slender waist, I thought he was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. . . .

The day before we left Peking I went out into the Compound and, hiding behind some large crates, I watched him as he stood by the flagpole. He had on his dark-blue tunic, light-blue trousers with the broad red stripe, and white belt with brass buckle. He was sounding stable call and, to this day, I can not hear it or whistle it without thinking of him. Wherever you are, Johnny Malone, . . . I will always remember you, standing like a young god with the shining golden bugle raised to your lips, sending out your clarion call for the drones of the world to get about their business.

INT'L HAIRDRESSERS

(Continued from page 104)

the Paris Collections Alexandre designs new coifs for many of the mannequins who show the clothes. This autumn no fewer than eight of the great couture houses were on his list, and he described the throes of creation with enthusiasm:

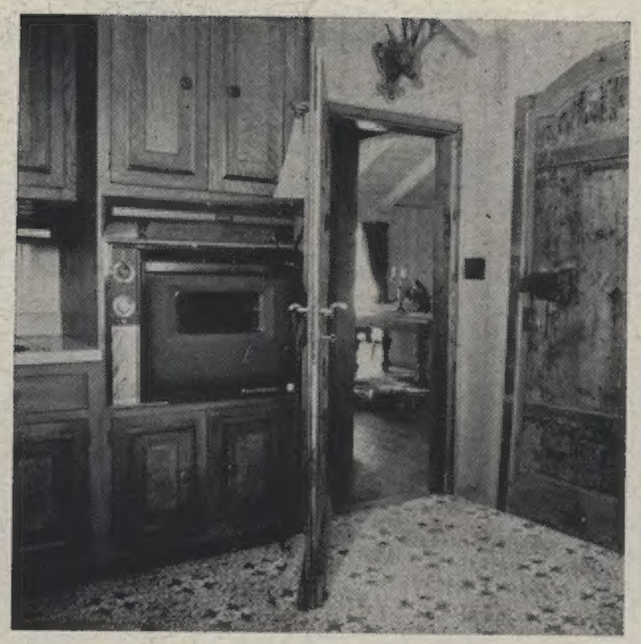
"Three months before Collections I make four-hundred drawings—I go to Versailles—the Louvre—the Bibliothèque Nationale—the Musée des Arts Décoratifs—of these four hundred I destroy three hundred—then I choose fifty from the remaining hundred, taking into consideration the Paris air, sniffing it deeply ('La mode est dans l'air'). Then I have my favourite mannequins act as guinea pigs, and *then* I ask ten of my favourite clients (such as the Vicomtesse de Ribes, Comtesse Michel de Ganay, Dolores Guinness, the Duchess of Windsor to appear at a soirée in these new coiffures—95% of the time they report that it was a great success; then I go ahead!"

BY ROSEMARY BLACKMON

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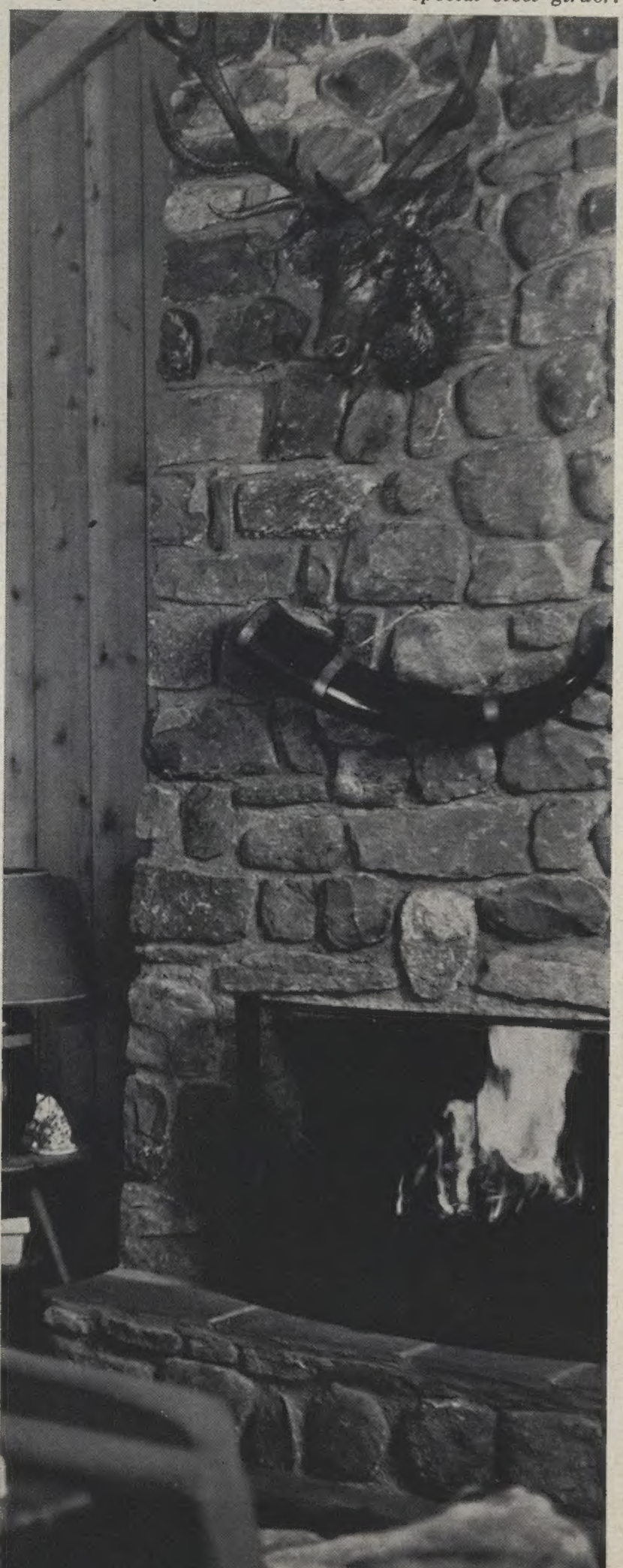
Detail of the wood-plank bed, opposite, *wearing here its winter comforter: jackal fur*



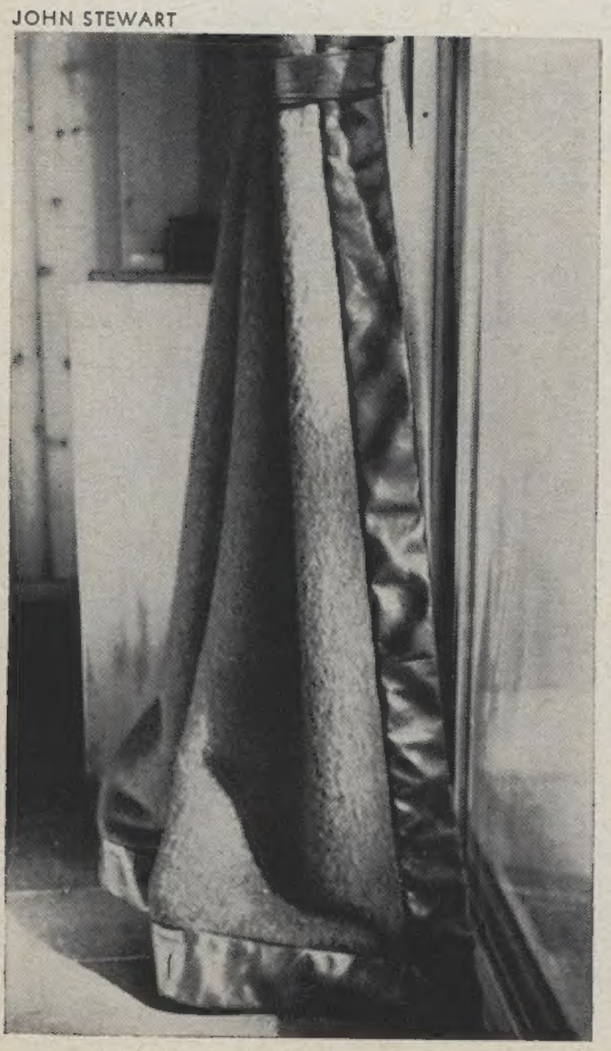


Above right, *the gaming table for bridge, six-pack bezique. Looking into the living room from the blond ash and copper-tone kitchen: wall oven by Westinghouse, Amtico vinyl tile floor in Delft motif designed by Herbert Bright, cabinets by local craftsmen, doors by 18th-century Tyroleans.*

Below, *the fieldstone fireplace wall, hung with a great powder horn and, above it, an old French iron staghead, 150 pounds of iron that has its own special steel girder.*



JOHN STEWART



Loden and leather curtains, wind inhibitors



The day's supply of wood, basket from Venice



SiLVER is for unleashing

Unemployment does not become sterling silver, nor does protective custody in the corner cupboard, the buffet, or the silver-preserver bags in the closet. Silver is for using—the better for; and the silver ways illustrated on these two, and the next two, pages, are designed to open up the minds of both present-givers and party-givers. . . . For instance, everybody knows that the porringer is rarely used for porridge any more, but the porringer's other household assets—as a passer of hors d'œuvres, a dispenser of bath powder, a keeper of the keys—are frequently overlooked. . . . The muffineer, the oversized shaker that originally sprinkled salt on hot-buttered muffins, should be thought of now sprinkling cinnamon into the hot-buttered rum, or talcum onto a bather. . . . The introduction of tea into England around 1658 is responsible for the production of the most favoured and often the dustiest of silver sets—the tea service. Now, in the Instant Coffee Era, the silver tea service could well leave the buffet for a guest room, there to perform this contrary way: the pot for hot water, the sugar bowl for the coffee powder, the waste bowl for the sugar. . . . The tumbler, which once had a round bottom and, filled with wine, really tumbled, is now the epitome of stability, holding a desk-worker's paper clips, a bridge-player's cigarette supply, or a guest's stack of "Spanish Geranium" soap. . . . What's meant to be a trivet can be a tray. (More of same, next page)

ALL BACKGROUND FURS FROM GREECE, AT LEIGH HAMMOND

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